

INTÉGRALE

1952-1953

**PRIZE
PUBLICATION**

**23
RÊVES**

THE STRANGE WORLD OF **YOUR**

DREAMS

What do they mean--
the messages received
in sleep?



"I dreamed I had died, and an old man
with the face of a prophet was taking
me across The River Styx!"

BIBLIOTHECA VIRTUALIS

En ce début des années 50 l'horreur est à la mode. Au moins dans le monde des comics. Celui-ci regorge de maisons secondaires voire très secondaires. Jamais sans doute le monde de l'édition comics n'a connu autant de groupes différents. Si Dell et DC dominent d'assez loin, Atlas (le futur Marvel), Archie et Charlton Comics se portent plutôt bien. Derrière c'est un peu plus compliqué. American Comic Group tient sa place et son rang mais d'autres affichent davantage de fragilités telles Ace, Avon (on ne parle que de la branche comics), Fiction House, Fawcett, etc.

Prize fait partie de ces petites maisons, mais petites ne veut pas nécessairement dire de piètre qualité. Prize a ceci de particulier qu'elle sous-traite en totalité ou en grande partie sa production. C'est le studio de Simon/Kirby qui leur livre clés en main. Les deux hommes travaillent ensemble depuis 1940. Ils ont créé *Captain America* qu'ils ont proposé à Timely Comics, le futur Atlas Comics futur Marvel. En 1943 les deux hommes sont appelés sous les drapeaux. Kirby fera une guerre courageuse participant très directement à la libération de Metz¹.

Démobilisés ils se retrouvent et reprennent leur studio. Prize sera l'un de leurs clients. Pour cette maison ils conçoivent *Young Romance* qui va lancer la mode des comics sentimentaux puisque le million d'exemplaires pour ce titre seul sera rapidement atteint.

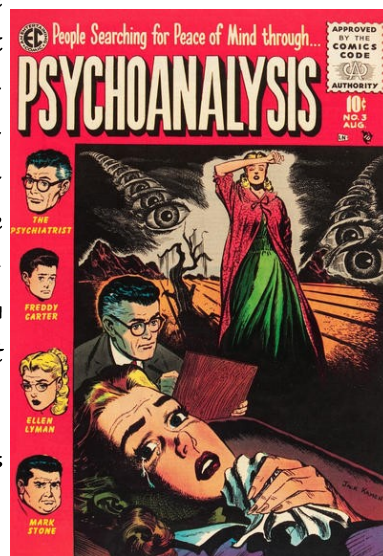
Pour ce même groupe ils créent *Black Magic*, une revue d'horreur de qualité fort correcte. Dans leur écurie, ils ont quelques dessinateurs de valeur comme Mort Meskin, Bill Draut, George Roussos, Bruno Premiani, Leonard Starr,...

En 1952 ils ont une double bonne idée : concevoir des histoires basées sur les rêves, faire du héros un psychanalyste. Ils ont déjà touché du doigt ces thèmes notamment dans *The Scorn of the Faceless People* paru dans le # de *Black Magic* (décembre 1950). Les rêves ont ceci de particulier qu'ils sont rattachées à notre monde mais avec une logique propre, pour ne pas dire parfois délirante. En trouver la signification peut justement être le travail d'un psychanalyste.

Cela tombe bien le métier devient à la mode. Les revues en parlent. L'approche correspond bien à la mentalité américaine. Face à un problème il y a fatalement une solution. C'est avec cette approche et pour rationaliser la rotation des cargos militaires vers l'Angleterre qu'est née l'économétrie. Alors va pour la psychanalyse qui saura soigner les maux de l'âme. L'autre avantage du psychanalyste dans les histoires à connotation fantastique est qu'il devient une sorte de *psychic sleuth*. C'est un genre qui date de la fin du XIX^{ème} dans le monde anglo-saxon, qui a fait florès et qui a toujours à l'époque, et aujourd'hui encore, son public. En matière de comics il existe déjà chez DC le *Dr Thirteen The Ghost Breaker* et un peu plus tard *Rex Lane*.

Bref, l'idée semble bonne. Elle le semble tellement qu'EC reprendra l'idée, sans le fantastique, dans *Psychonanalysis* publié en 1955.

Mais dans l'un et l'autre cas, les revues feront un flop, s'arrêtant toutes deux au numéro 4 !



¹ Voir à ce sujet https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hhFQzOdTHHk&ab_channel=MoselleTV Jack Kirby est mentionné après 6 minutes

Le personnage récurrent sera Richard Temple, faut-il y voir une allusion à Simon Templar très en vogue à l'époque ? En fait un personnage assez similaire à Richard était déjà apparu dès le #1 de *Black Magic* (juin 1951) dans *Sleep, Perchance to Die*.

Il importe de souligner qu'au début des années 50 l'imposante majorité des psychanalystes étaient également des psychiatres d'où cette impression de double casquette qu'on peut lire dans certaines histoires.

L'autre innovation est de faire appel aux lecteurs pour qu'ils envoient leurs propres rêves, chaque rêve retenu étant acheté 25 \$ ce qui correspond grosso modo à 250\$ en 2020.

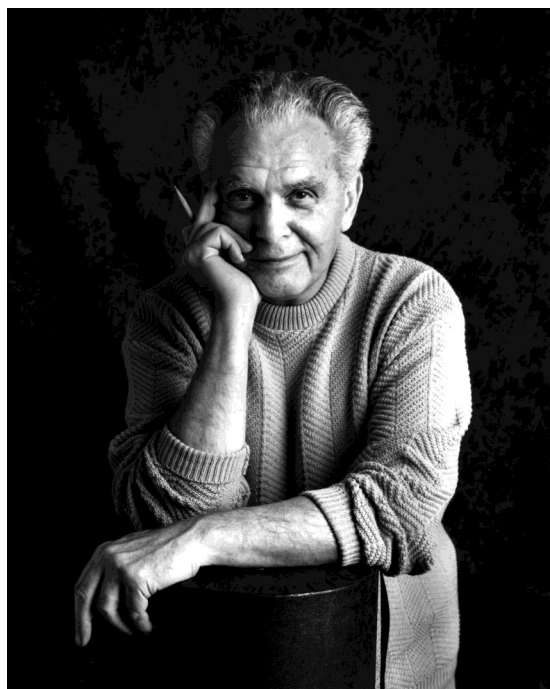
Difficile de croire compte tenu de la brièveté de la revue que beaucoup de lettres de lecteurs aient été mises en images. Néanmoins Richard Temple expliquait en 2 planches la signification des rêves publiés. Que cette explication soit fondée ou bidonnée je n'en ai aucune idée.

Le personnage phare apparaît dans 14 des 23 BD de la revue. A trois exceptions près les autres histoires impliquent également des rêves, souvent avec un caractère prémonitoire plus ou moins marqué. Mais finalement il n'est pas si simple de faire de bonnes histoires sur ce sujet. La qualité des histoires de cette revue n'est pas stable mais il est vrai qu'il est rare qu'un magazine ne publie que des chefs d'œuvre. On remarque toutefois dans les derniers numéros l'apparition de pages astrologiques d'une niaiserie confondante.

L'idée de départ était excellente et a permis de livrer quelques jolies perles dans un ensemble assez disparate. Comme quoi il n'est pas si facile de trouver de bonnes histoires avec les rêves pour sujets.

Bienvenue dans ces cauchemars !

Garches, le 30 octobre 2020



Jack Kirby (1917-1994)

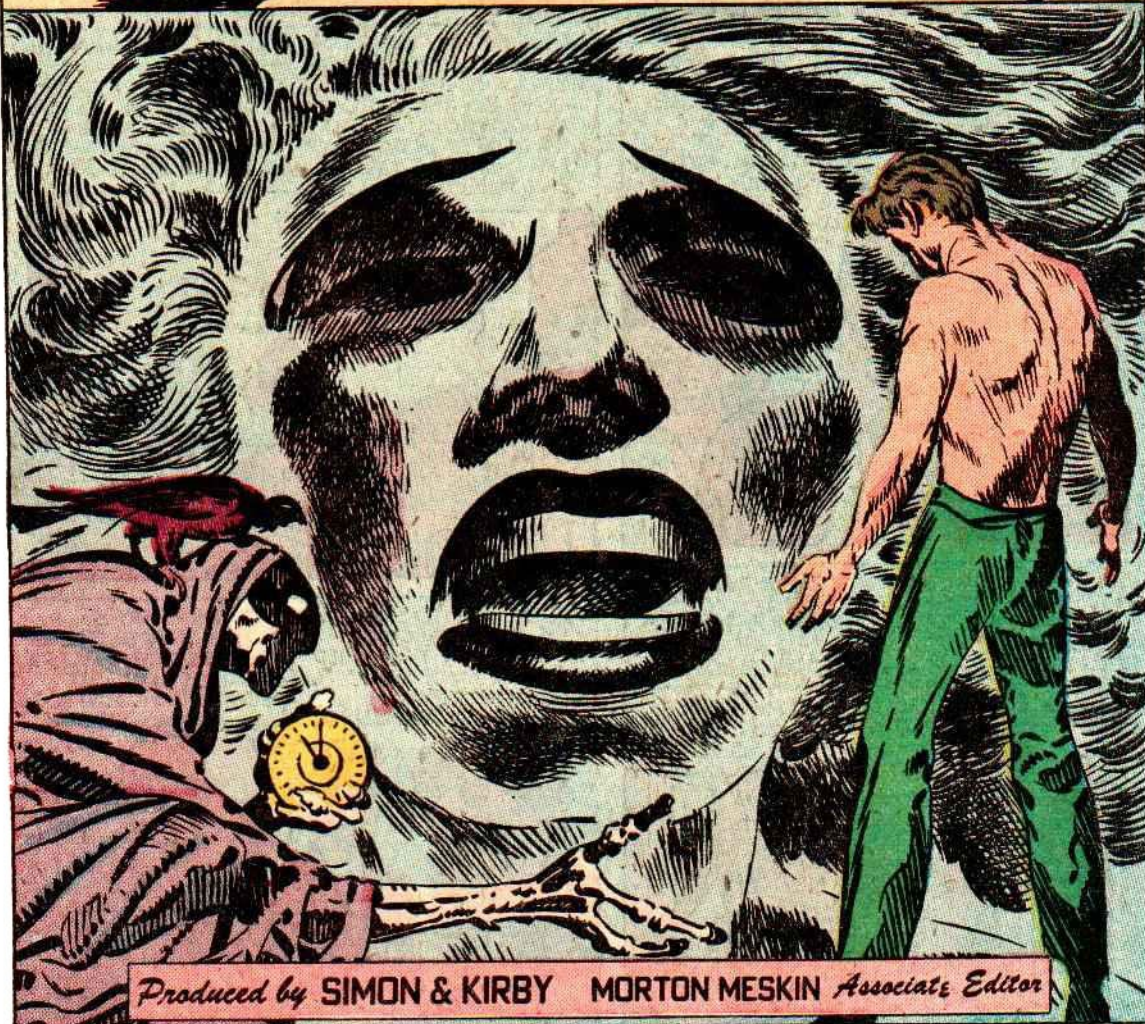


Joe Simon (1913-2011)

People will be affected by dreams in many ways..Some will act on them and make important decisions. Others will see them as mystic symbols and gamble on their meaning!

This is the strange story of one such man--a desperate man--who gambled a human life on a pleading voice in his sleep--a tormented man, who said --

I TALKED WITH MY DEAD WIFE!



Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

**CAN THE MEANING OF A DREAM
DECIDE A MATTER OF LIFE OR
DEATH?** THE CASE OF WALTER STEWART
MAY BE THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION!
HIS CALL WAS RECEIVED BY GAY FRANCIS,
SECRETARY TO **RICHARD TEMPLE**, ON
AUGUST 7, 1950.. FATIGUE AND PANIC WAS
STRIKINGLY EVIDENT IN THE CALLER'S
URGENT TONE...

PLEASE, I- I **MUST**
TALK TO MISTER
TEMPLE! THERE'S
SO LITTLE
TIME -- I-

HE'S **OUT**, AT
PRESENT,
MISTER
STEWART..
BUT, I CAN
HAVE HIM CALL
YOU AS SOON
AS HE --



CHECKING IN,
GAY-- I'LL
TAKE IT..YOU
SEEM
DISTRESSED!

I'M SO GLAD TO
SEE YOU, **MISTER
TEMPLE!** THIS
POOR MAN HAS
BEEN CALLING
CONTINUALLY ALL
MORNING.. HE SOUNDS
ALMOST FRANTIC!



YES, MISTER STEWART, YES, SIR, I SEE!
YOUR LITTLE GIRL! HOW DREADFUL...

WELL, I MUST AGREE
THAT YOU'RE
GRASPING AT
STRAWS.. BUT THE
CIRCUMSTANCES
ARE RATHER
UNIQUE.. I'LL
BE OVER AS
SOON AS
I CAN!



THE ADDRESS WAS A TWO STORY **WALK-UP** ON
THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN--A FIFTEEN MINUTE
DRIVE FROM RICHARD TEMPLE'S OFFICE! EACH
HOUSE ON THE STREET PRESSED CLOSE AGAINST
ITS NEIGHBOR AND, EVERY WINDOW GAPED
IMPASSIVELY IN A LINE OF UNBROKEN UNIFORMITY...
BEHIND ONE OF THEM, A MAN WAS UNDERGOING A
TERRIBLE ORDEAL ...



RICHARD TEMPLE SENSED IT THE MOMENT HE
PASSED THE THRESHOLD. **CRISIS!**— IN THE
LOW-KEY LIGHTNING! IN THE HEAVY AIR! IN THE
SILENCE! **TIME HAD STOPPED HERE AND
WAS WAITING—AT THE BRINK OF
ETERNITY—**

HAS THERE
BEEN ANY
CHANGE,
DOCTOR?

I'M SORRY,
WALT. THE CHILD
IS NO BETTER!



YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE
HER, DOCTOR! SINCE
MARY DIED, THAT CHILD
IS ALL I HAVE LEFT!
**SHE MUST PULL
THROUGH!**

EVERYTHING THAT'S
HUMANLY POSSIBLE IS
BEING DONE, WALT! I
SUGGEST YOU GET
SOME REST. YOU LOOK
WORN
OUT!





I'LL BE BACK TONIGHT, WALT! I LEFT A PHONE NUMBER WITH YOUR HOUSEKEEPER... IN CASE YOU SHOULD NEED ME BEFORE THEN!

OKAY, DOCTOR... THANKS!



I FEEL MUCH TOO INADEQUATE IN THIS KIND OF SITUATION, MISTER STEWART... I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN BE OF ANY HELP!



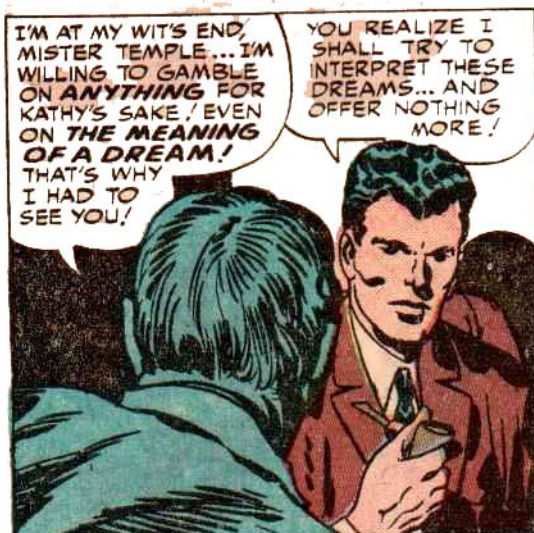
OH, YOU MUST BE **RICHARD TEMPLE!** I'M SORRY, SIR, I'M SO CONCERNED ABOUT KATHY... PLEASE FORGIVE MY RUDENESS...

NONSENSE! YOU SHOULD FOLLOW YOUR **DOCTOR'S** ADVICE, SIR... AND TRY TO REST!



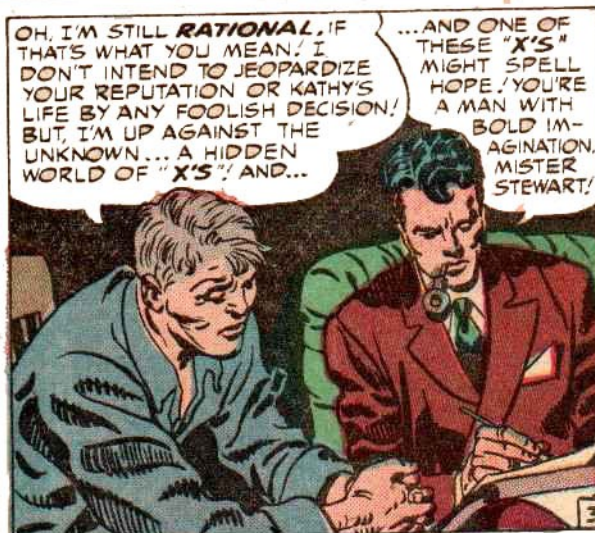
REST... REST... I'M AFRAID TO REST, AFRAID I'LL SEE **MY WIFE** AGAIN... HEAR THE SORROW IN HER VOICE... PLEADING WITH ME... TRYING TO MAKE ME UNDERSTAND **WHAT SHE'S TELLING ME IN THOSE DREAMS!**

I SEE! YOU BELIEVE THERE IS SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT IN THESE DREAMS THAT MAY **HELP KATHY!**



I'M AT MY WIT'S END, MISTER TEMPLE... I'M WILLING TO GAMBLE ON **ANYTHING** FOR KATHY'S SAKE, EVEN ON **THE MEANING OF A DREAM!** THAT'S WHY I HAD TO SEE YOU!

YOU REALIZE I SHALL TRY TO INTERPRET THESE DREAMS... AND OFFER NOTHING MORE!



OH, I'M STILL **RATIONAL**, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN. I DON'T INTEND TO JEOPARDIZE YOUR REPUTATION OR KATHY'S LIFE BY ANY FOOLISH DECISION! BUT, I'M UP AGAINST THE UNKNOWN... A HIDDEN WORLD OF "X'S"! AND...

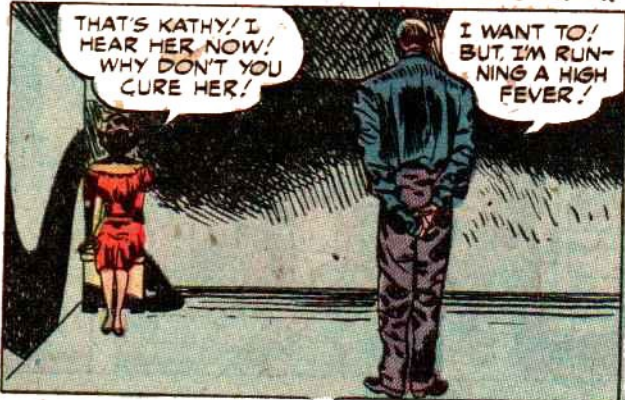
...AND ONE OF THESE "X'S" MIGHT SPELL **HOPE!** YOU'RE A MAN WITH **BOLD IMAGINATION,** MISTER STEWART!

PERHAPS I AM! MY WIFE'S VOICE IS STILL AS CLEAR TO ME NOW AS IT WAS IN THOSE DREAMS! ONE WOULD HARDLY BELIEVE SHE'S BEEN IN HER GRAVE THESE PAST TWO YEARS!



ABOUT THE FIRST DREAM... PLEASE GO ON...

LITTLE KATHY HAD BEEN ILL A WEEK WHEN WALTER STEWART EXPERIENCED THE FIRST OF HIS DISTURBING DREAMS. HIS CONSTANT VIGIL AT KATHY'S BEDSIDE HAD BEGUN TO SAP HIS STRENGTH! AND HE WENT TO BED, A VERY EXHAUSTED MAN! THE DREAM SIMPLY STARTED WHEN HIS DEAD WIFE SPOKE TO HIM!



THAT'S KATHY! I HEAR HER NOW! WHY DON'T YOU CURE HER!

I WANT TO! BUT, I'M RUNNING A HIGH FEVER!

THE SURROUNDINGS WERE BARE OF ANY FURNISHINGS... EXCEPT FOR THE ONE CHAIR UPON WHICH SHE SAT! THERE WAS A SHADOW AND IT HID HER FACE FROM VIEW!

I CAN'T BEAR IT, WALTER! WE NEED DOCTORS!

THAT WON'T DO! KATHY'S GOING TO DIE! I'M AFRAID SHE'LL DIE!



AT NO TIME DURING THIS STRANGE AND VIVID DREAM - MEETING WITH HIS WIFE, DID STEWART FEEL OR MENTION THAT SHE HAD DIED... HE ACCEPTED HER PRESENCE IN THE NORMAL MANNER OF THE RELATIONSHIP THEY HAD SHARED WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE...

POOR DARLING! THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME!

SO LITTLE HOPE! I'M GROWING WEAKER... WEAKER...



THEN SEE JAY VILLER! HE'S WILLING TO HELP!

STOP IT! STOP IT! I WANT KATHY! KATHY!

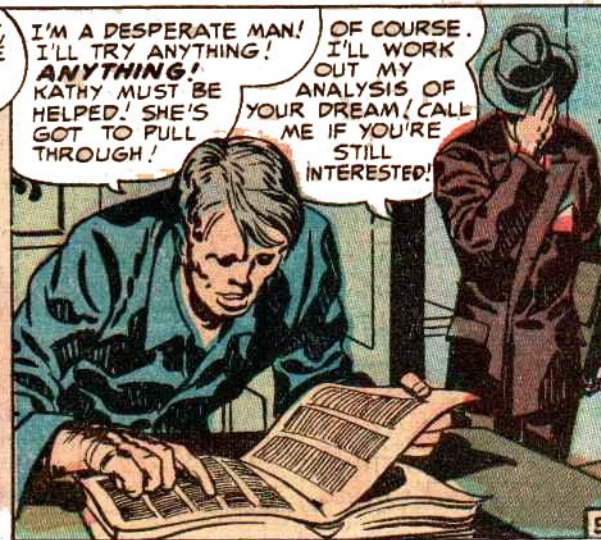


STEWART'S VOICE REACHED A STRAINED PITCH AND HE ENDED THE NARRATION OF HIS DREAM!

I WOKE UP, THEN! I FELT MORE TIRED THAN EVER!

ONE QUESTION: DOES THAT NAME, JAY VILLER, MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?





RICHARD TEMPLE WAS DEEPLY MOVED BY THE PLIGHT OF THIS FATHER WHO WAS REACHING BEYOND THE LIMITS OF REASON FOR HIS CHILD. TEMPLE STAYED LATE AT THE OFFICE THAT DAY. THE ANALYSIS WAS ALMOST DONE WHEN THE PHONE RANG... THE CALLER WAS WALTER STEWART.



MISTER TEMPLE! I'M SURE GLAD I CAUGHT YOU IN...

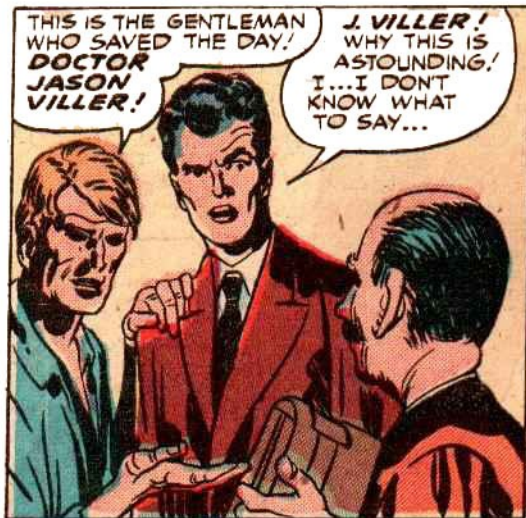
I'VE JUST ABOUT COMPLETED YOUR DREAM ANALYSIS, STEWART. HOW'S KATHY?

STEWART'S VOICE WAS JUBILANT. KATHY HAD PASSED HER CRISIS... RICHARD TEMPLE WAS HAPPY FOR WALTER STEWART... AND STILL A BIT CURIOUS AS TO HOW THIS VICTORY OVER CERTAIN TRAGEDY HAD BEEN ACCOMPLISHED... TEMPLE READILY YIELDED TO WALTER STEWART'S INSISTENCE THAT THE DREAM EXPERT CALL ONCE MORE AT HIS HOME...



COME IN, MISTER TEMPLE. IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO COME AT THIS LATE HOUR!

THIS IS A MOST INTERESTING AND GRATIFYING DEVELOPMENT, STEWART. I'M VERY HAPPY FOR KATHY... AND YOU, SIR!



THIS IS THE GENTLEMAN WHO SAVED THE DAY! DOCTOR JASON VILLER!

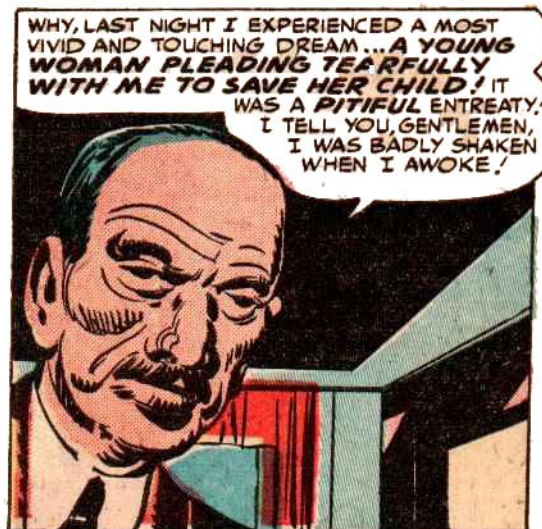
J. VILLER! WHY THIS IS ASTOUNDING! I... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...



DOCTOR VILLER HAPPENS TO BE ONE OF THE VERY FEW MEN WHO HAS ANY EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF KATHY'S AILMENT. HE KNEW JUST WHAT TO DO!

YOU'LL PARDON ME IF I STARE, DOCTOR. BUT YOU HAPPEN TO BE A FIGMENT OF A DREAM... COME TO LIFE!

I FIND THIS TALK OF DREAMS VERY DISTURBING, GENTLEMEN. IT MAKES THE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING MY CALL HERE STRANGE INDEED!

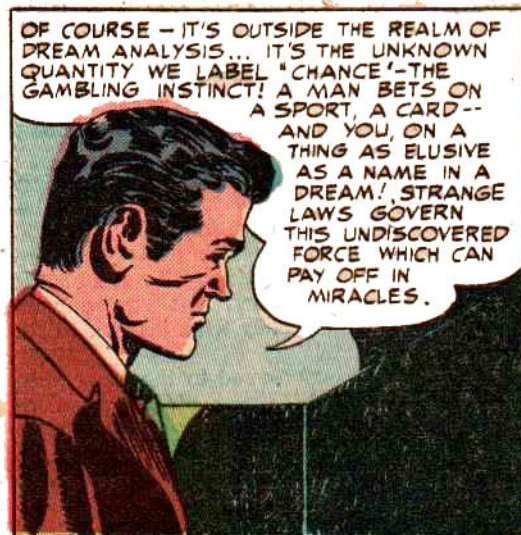


WHY, LAST NIGHT I EXPERIENCED A MOST VIVID AND TOUCHING DREAM... A YOUNG WOMAN PLEADING TEARFULLY WITH ME TO SAVE HER CHILD! IT WAS A PITIFUL ENTREATY. I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, I WAS BADLY SHAKEN WHEN I AWOKE!



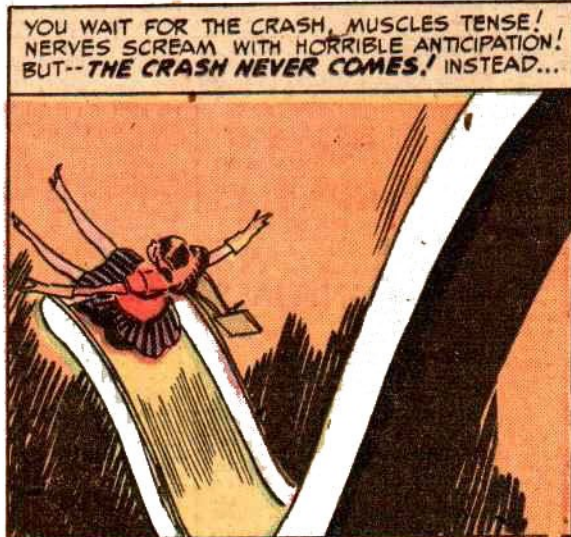
AND THEN, MISTER STEWART'S CALL TODAY. A MAN WHO LIVES ENTIRELY OUT OF MY DISTRICT.. WHO HAS NEVER SEEN OR HEARD OF ME, CALLS ME IN ON THIS CASE!

AMAZING! AMAZING! HOW DID YOU LINK THIS CALL WITH YOUR DREAM, SIR?



You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple



DOWN! UNTIL SIGHT AND SOUND BECOME AS ONE! UNTIL YOU ARE DRAINED, EMPTIED OF EMOTION, AGAIN YOU WAIT FOR THE CRASH AND INSTEAD...



I'M BACK IN MY SEAT!
OH! I MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP--IT WAS ONLY A DREAM!

THE SUBCONSCIOUS IS A VAST, UNEXPLORED REGION, BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN. THE CYCLE IS ENDED IN THE BREATH OF A SECOND AND REALITY RETURNS!

MOVING PICTURES ARE A TICKET OF ADMISSION TO OTHER WORLDS. TO EMOTIONAL HEIGHTS AND DEPTH WHICH THE INDIVIDUAL **RARELY** REACHES IN TRUE LIFE. THE ELEVATOR IN THIS DREAM IS A SYMBOL OF **HEIGHTS**--THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE, A SYMBOL OF THE **DEPTHS**!



IN THE DREAM WORLD, THE ELEVATOR LIFTS US EASILY AND QUICKLY--AND THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE **DROPS** US JUST AS EASILY. JUST AS OUR **EMOTIONS** ARE RAISED AND DEPRESSED--BY THE MOVIES. WOULDN'T IT BE BEST TO ACCEPT THE WORLD OF REALITY RATHER THAN THE SHADOW WORLD WHICH EXIST ONLY **IN THE MOVIES**? IT'S REALLY A LOT LESS BUMPY IN THE LONG RUN.



WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS!

The world of your dreams is a strange and fantastic place where the unpredictable is the normal..

WHERE THE FAMILIAR BECOMES THE GROTESQUE!-- WHERE HATE BURNS LIKE THE FIRE OF HADES AND LOVE IS AN EMOTION THAT SWEEPS THROUGH THE ENTIRE SOUL! IT'S A BIZARRE, OUTLANDISH WORLD WHICH WE SHARE WITH THE NIGHT!

RICHARD TEMPLE, student of dreams and fantasy, is a man who has delved into the mystery of this vast, subconscious jigsaw puzzle which affects even our waking hours--he fits the pieces together...

WHY DON'T YOU JOIN HIM ON HIS MANY EXPEDITIONS INTO UNREALITY--TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR DREAM--

--YOU WILL RECEIVE \$25.

IF YOUR DREAM IS CHOSEN FOR DRAMATIZATION!

WRITE TO: RICHARD TEMPLE
1790 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

(NO MANUSCRIPT WILL BE RETURNED)

DON'T WAKE THE SLEEPER!

Or you'll vanish forever!



SAM WINSLOW WAS ON THE BUM. THINGS HAD TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE WITH HIM IN THE EAST. AND NOW HE WAS HEADING FOR CALIFORNIA. HE'D MANAGED TO STEAL OVER THE TAIL GATE OF A TRUCK LEAVING SIOUX CITY. IT WASN'T A COMFORTABLE JOURNEY. THE ROAD WAS MADE OF BUMPS, AND SAM FELT EVERY ONE OF THEM!



IT WAS A REAL, **BIG** BUMP THAT GOT SAM! THE TRUCK LEAPED OFF THE GROUND AT A CRAZY ANGLE AND CAME DOWN HARD! WHEN IT CLATTERED ON ITS WAY--**SAM WAS NOT IN IT!**



SAM HAD ONLY A VAGUE NOTION OF WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT. HE REMEMBERED PICKING HIMSELF UP OUT OF THE DITCH AND WANDERING BLINDLY DOWN THE ROAD UNTIL HE SAW THE DARK SILHOUETTE OF A HOUSE... SAM USED HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH TO REACH THE DOOR. THEN SOMETHING SMACKED THE LID DOWN ON HIS CONSCIOUSNESS!



THE SUN WAS DAZZLING BRIGHT! AND IT HURT HIS EYES. SAM WAS AWAKE! HE RESTED IN A FRESHLY MADE BED OF CLEAN, WHITE SHEETS. HIS MIND BEGAN ADJUSTING ITSELF TO THE SURROUNDINGS... ABSORBING EACH NEW WONDER...



GOSH! WHAT A NICE ROOM! BUT WHAT AM I DOING IN IT?

HE REALIZED IT WASN'T INJURY OR FATIGUE... BUT, SHEER CONTENTMENT THAT KEPT HIM IN BED. SAM FINALLY AROSE AND LOOKED AROUND THE ROOM. IT HAD AN AIR OF CHEERFULNESS AND COMFORT. A COOL BREEZE DRIFTED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW... BRINGING HIM THE GENTLE CRIES OF BIRDS IN THE MORNING SKY!

A MAN COULDN'T HELP BUT RESPOND TO SUCH A MORNING. THOUGH HE LOOKED LIKE A HOBO, SAM DIDN'T FEEL LIKE ONE. HE HAD GLADNESS INSIDE HIM. HE SOUGHT THE OWNERS OF THIS FINE HOUSE... TO THANK THEM FOR THEIR KINDNESS TO HIM...

HIS WORDS ECHOED THROUGH THE SILENT ROOMS. BUT, THERE WAS NO ANSWER... SAM MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE FIRST FLOOR, BUT NO ONE CAME FORWARD TO GREET HIM. HE PEERED OUT THE WINDOW AND THE SIGHT OF THE CULTIVATED COUNTRY-SIDE STRETCHED BEFORE HIM ONLY ADDED TO HIS CONVICTION THAT SOMEONE **MUST** BE ABOUT!



HELLO! ANYBODY HOME!



THIS IS THE SORT OF PLACE I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED ABOUT! COOL, COMFORTABLE... A PERFECT DWELLING PLACE FOR A WORLD WEARY SOUL LIKE MINE. SURELY, **SOMEONE** MUST LIVE HERE!



HE INSPECTED THE UPSTAIRS ROOMS WITH NO BETTER RESULT THAN HE HAD MET BEFORE. THEY WERE ALL DEVOID OF HUMAN PRESENCE! AND, THEN HE SAW IT... A **CLOSED DOOR** THAT HE HADN'T NOTICED BEFORE. FOR SOME REASON, SAM WAS GRIPPED BY A **STRANGE FEAR** WHEN HE REACHED FOR THE DOOR KNOB!

THIS MAY BE AN INVASION OF PRIVACY... BUT...





WELL, I'LL BE DARNED...



I GUESS THE MYSTERY IS JUST ABOUT SOLVED! THIS FELLOW WAS UP ALL NIGHT TENDING TO ME AND HAS FALLEN EXHAUSTED ON THE BED! I'LL ...

SAM WHIRLED AROUND TO FACE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAD EVER SEEN. HE GAZED AT HER, HYPNOTIZED BY HER SHEER RADIANCE. WHEN SHE SPOKE, IT WAS LIKE SOME ETHERAL LYRE PLAYING MUSIC NEVER BEFORE HEARD BY MORTAL MAN...



SHH! DON'T! YOU MUSTN'T WAKEN HIM!

THE TOUCH OF HER HAND COULD CHANGE ANY MAN'S MIND... SAM FOLLOWED THE GIRL!



I... I SUPPOSE YOU LIVE HERE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME, HONEY?

NANCY!

NANCY... I ONCE KNEW A GIRL NAMED NANCY! A LONG TIME AGO! YOU'RE ALMOST A DEAD RINGER FOR HER!

OH? BUT I'M BOUND TO BE...



SAM WAS TOO ABSORBED IN THE GIRL'S STRIKING BEAUTY TO ANALYZE THE REPLY! BUT, IT SOMEHOW REMAINED IN A CORNER OF HIS MIND! IT WAS AN ODD ANSWER! IN FACT THIS WHOLE SETUP SEEMED POSSESSED OF DARK PASSAGES THROUGH WHICH WEIRD CURRENTS FLOWED! THE PLACE WAS PERFECTION... ALMOST TOO PERFECT TO BE REAL!

GOSH! THIS IS A WONDERFUL PLACE YOU HAVE HERE! THAT MAN! I... I DIDN'T SEE HIM APPROACH... IS HE YOUR DAD?

I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE! BUT I SUPPOSE HE BELONGS HERE... AS YOU AND I!



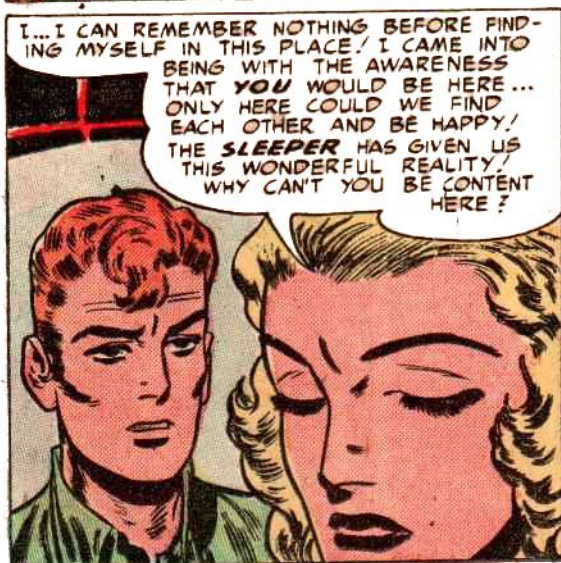
I DON'T MEAN TO OFFEND YOU... BUT YOU DON'T MAKE ANY SENSE...

DON'T YOU SEE? EVERYTHING ABOUT US HAS BEEN CREATED BY THE MAN WHO'S ASLEEP! YOU AND I... THAT MAN WE JUST SAW... WE'RE ALL PART OF THE SLEEPER'S DREAM! IF HE AWAKENS... WELL, WE'LL SIMPLY VANISH!





THE KISS WAS REAL ENOUGH! SAM'S VERY BEING SHOOK TO THE THRILL OF IT! WHAT SORT OF NONSENSE WAS THIS GIRL FEEDING HIM? THIS GIRL WHO WAS WARM AND ALIVE IN HIS ARMS!



SAM RAN AS FAST AS HE COULD IN THE DIRECTION OF THE HOUSE. IN TWO LEAPS, HE WAS UP THE STAIRS AND BEFORE THE SLEEPER'S DOOR... NANCY WAS BESIDE HIM... STRUGGLING WITH HIM... TRYING TO PREVENT SAM WINSLOW FROM OPENING THE DOOR!

PLEASE, SAM... DON'T...

"SORRY, KID! I'M GOING IN!"

THE SILENCE IN THE ROOM WAS **BROKEN** BY THE SOUND OF THE SCUFFLE ON THE THRESHOLD! A TROUBLED SIGH ESCAPED THE LIPS OF THE MAN ON THE BED. HE TURNED IN HIS SLEEP, AND SAM CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF HIS FACE. THE SLEEPER WAS THE IMAGE OF **SAM WINSLOW**!

JUMPING JUPITER, THE SLEEPER... HE... HE LOOKS LIKE ME!

YOU'VE **DISTURBED** HIS DREAM! IT CAN CHANGE... SAM! THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR DOWNSTAIRS!

SO IT IS! PROBABLY A **NEW** CHARACTER, OUR PAL, THE SLEEPER HAS JUST CREATED, NO DOUBT...

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE...

JUST STAND ASIDE, AND, DON'T GET IN THE WAY, MAC! WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR A PLACE TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WHILE THINGS COOL OFF AND THIS SEEMS AS GOOD AS ANY!

HMM, WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE A SWEET DISH LIKE THIS GAL SPORTIN' AROUND IN THIS DUMP!

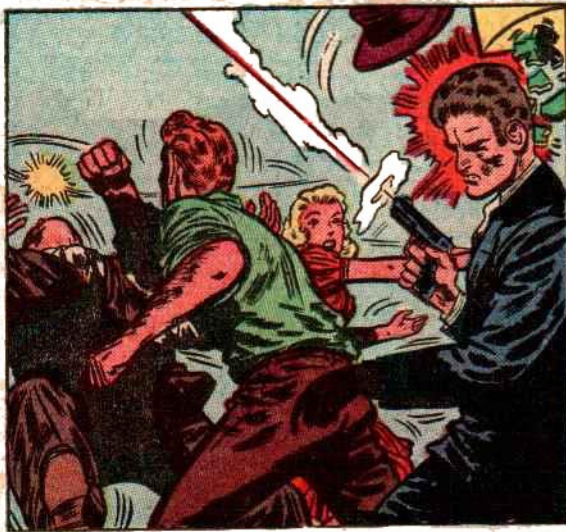
WHO ARE YOU? YOU GOT ME, PAL! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT WE **LIKE** IT HERE! NOW CALM DOWN AND DO AS YOU'RE TOLD!

AND THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, BABY! BUT I GUESS I WON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT! YOU AND ME ARE GONNA GET ALONG JUST FINE, AIN'T WE?

LET ME GO...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER, YOU!

SAM! LOOK OUT!



IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR **SLEEPER'S** SWEET DREAM HAS TURNED INTO A NIGHTMARE! IT'S TOO LATE TO GET OUT THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR! OUR FRIEND'S GETTING UP! LET'S TRY ANOTHER EXIT!



NOT UPSTAIRS, SAM...

SHE WAS **STILL AFRAID** OF WAKING THE MAN, BUT, SAM COULD SEE NO ALTERNATIVE! THOSE BIRDS WERE DANGEROUS... THEY HAD GUNS...



UGH! M-MY LEG!

THERE WAS ONLY ONE HOPE LEFT... THE MAN ON THE BED! PAINFULLY DRAGGING HIS LEG, SAM MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE SLEEPER'S DOOR! WHOEVER HE WAS, HE WOULD HELP! SAM AND THE GIRL WOULD HAVE A CHANCE...



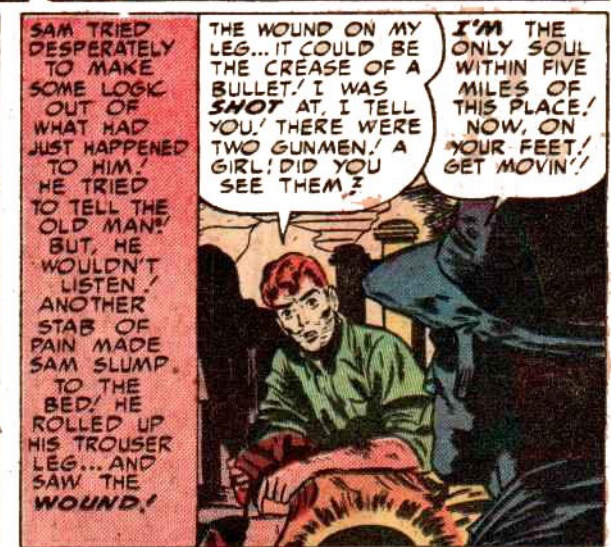
NO, SAM! NO! DON'T GO IN THERE!

BUT, WHAT IF THE GIRL WAS **RIGHT**? WHAT IF ALL THIS REALLY WAS SOME CRAZY DREAM? WOULD THEY ALL **VANISH** IF HE WOKE THE SLEEPER? PERHAPS IT WAS BETTER THAT WAY! NANCY WAS IN THE GRIP OF ONE OF THE GUNMEN... SAM, WOUNDED, UNABLE TO HELP HER! ANY MOVE SEEMED BETTER THAN **THIS** HOPELESS SITUATION!

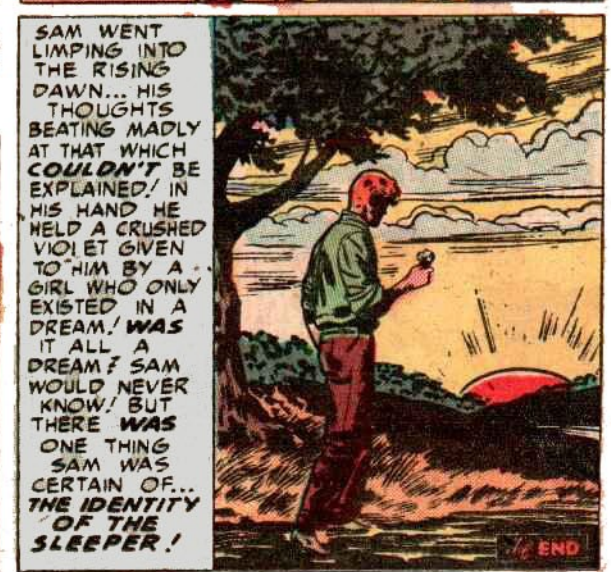


WAKE UP! WAKE UP, BLAST YOU...

NANCY'S SCREAMS STILL RANG IN HIS BRAIN... EVEN IN THE DARKNESS IN WHICH HE DRIFTED... THE DARKNESS WHICH HAD AN EVIL, WHITE EYE!



IT WAS NO USE PLEADING. SAM PICKED HIMSELF UP AND PAINFULLY STARTED DOWN THE STAIRS. PERHAPS IT WAS A DREAM. PERHAPS, THIS WAS JUST A CUT HE HAD GOTTEN WHEN HE FELL OFF THE TRUCK. OF COURSE!... THAT'S ALL IT WAS!



SAM WENT LIMPING INTO THE RISING DAWN... HIS THOUGHTS BEATING MADLY AT THAT WHICH COULDN'T BE EXPLAINED! IN HIS HAND HE HELD A CRUSHED VIOLET GIVEN TO HIM BY A GIRL WHO ONLY EXISTED IN A DREAM. WAS IT ALL A DREAM? SAM WOULD NEVER KNOW! BUT THERE WAS ONE THING SAM WAS CERTAIN OF... THE IDENTITY OF THE SLEEPER!

ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE
BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

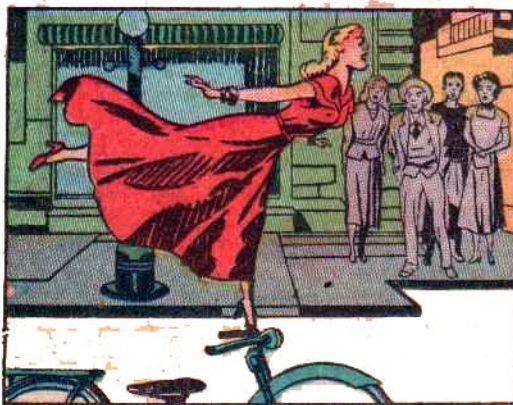
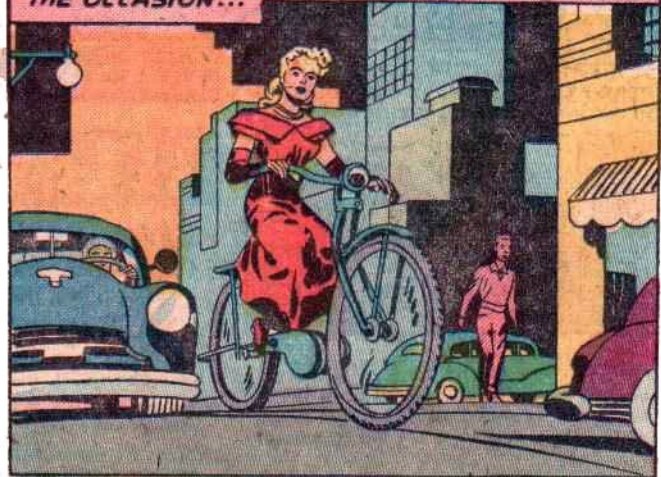
SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*



"MISTER TEMPLE: MY NAME IS JULIE
PENDLETON, AGE 18. I'VE ENCLOSED
A SNAPSHOT OF MYSELF TO SHOW YOU
THAT I HAVE NO NEED OF BEING
ASHAMED OF MY APPEARANCE. IF
ANYTHING, MOST PEOPLE CONSIDER ME
ATTRACTIVE AND A VERY POPULAR
GIRL. YET IN MY DREAM I FOUND
MYSELF AN **OBJECT OF
RIDICULE!**"

"THE DREAM OCCURRED DURING AN AFTERNOON NAP
ON A SUNDAY IN JULY... SO VIVID WERE MY
IMPRESSIONS THAT THEY STILL RISE UP TO DISTURB
ME TILL THIS DAY. **IN MY DREAM, I RODE A
BICYCLE ALONG A BUSY STREET, AND I WORE
A FORMAL GOWN, WHICH IN MY DREAM,
SEEMED TO ME AS ACCEPTABLE ATTIRE FOR
THE OCCASION...**"



"THE EXPERIENCE WAS NOT EMBARRASSING.
IN FACT, I FELT SO EXHILARATED, I
PERFORMED AMAZING ACROBATICS ON THE
BICYCLE. PEOPLE WERE GATHERING. AND
I PLAYED TO THEIR ADMIRING GLANCES!"

"SUDDENLY, THE PASSERS-BY BEGAN TO GRIN AND
POINT AT ME! A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN AND A GIRL
OF MY AGE BURST INTO FITS OF LAUGHTER!"

ISN'T SHE A
SCREAM?
HA! HA!
HA!

SHE'S **STUPID!**
AND TERRIBLY
UGLY!



"IT WAS STRANGE! UNEXPECTED! HUMILIATING! I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MY FEATS OF BALANCE AND AGILITY DID NOT IMPRESS THEM! THE LAUGHTER ROSE TO A LOUD AND CRUEL PITCH!"

HA! HA! HA! AND, I THOUGHT I LIKED HER!

NOBODY LIKES HER! SHE'S NOT COMING TO MY PARTY!



"I LOOKED DOWN AT MYSELF IN THE DREAM AND WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE MYSELF IN AN OLD FASHIONED, ILL-FITTING BATHING SUIT... DECIDING TO BRAZEN IT OUT, I BEGAN TO WALK HAUGHTILY AWAY!"

I DETEST ALL OF YOU! I'LL GO NOW!



"THEY WERE SHOUTING OATHS NOW AND TAKING AFTER ME. A GIRL I RECOGNIZED AS MY BEST FRIEND, ANNE, RUSHED UP AND PUSHED ME HEADLONG INTO A MUD PUDDLE

DON'T BE SO STUFFY!



"I WAS A REAL MESS THEN, SOILED AND FRIGHTENED! THE CROWD PRESSED ABOUT ME SOMEONE SCREAMED 'SHE'S GETTING FAT! SHE'S A BALLOON!' SURE ENOUGH, I WAS!"

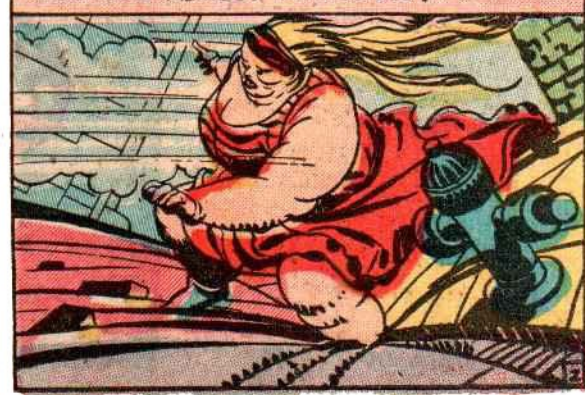
OH, NO! THIS IS TERRIBLE!



"WHEN THEY BEGAN PELTING ME WITH STONES, I RAN OFF, CRYING--ALMOST HYSTERICALLY--



"MY FLIGHT WAS HAMPERED BY ALL SORTS OF INCREDIBLE DIFFICULTIES! BLASTS OF WIND--CRUSHING WEIGHT AND UNCERTAIN FOOTING. THE GROUND BECAME RUBBERY--MAKING PROGRESS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE!"



MY EMOTIONS RAN WILD THEN. IT WAS TERRIBLY FRIGHTENING. AND I AWOKE! THAT WAS MY DREAM, MISTER TEMPLE, SINCE I **AM** PRETTY AND POPULAR, THERE'S NO REASON FOR ME TO HAVE SUCH A DREAM -- OR IS THERE?"



THERE IS A PURPOSE FOR ALL DREAMS, JULIE. IN YOUR CASE, IT MERELY WORKED OFF **ACCUMULATED EMOTIONS** -- SO THAT YOU COULD START THE NEW DAY **FRESHER!**



YOUR LETTER AND THE DREAM ITSELF OBVIOUSLY INDICATE AN **INJURED VANITY**. SOMEONE, PERHAPS "ANNE", HAS RECENTLY DEFLATED YOUR EGO. IT WOULD SEEM SAFE TO SAY THAT THE DREAM OCCURRED SOON AFTER. WHAT YOU'RE FEELING IS **HUMILITY**, AND A LITTLE OF THAT WILL NEVER HARM YOU IN THE LONG RUN!



IN ONE OF THE BOOKS IN MY TOWER ROOM THERE IS TOLD THE STORY OF A CHINESE EMPEROR WHO WENT INSANE BECAUSE HE ONCE DREAMED THAT HE WAS A BUTTERFLY! AND THAT THEN HE COULDN'T DECIDE WHETHER HE WAS A BUTTERFLY DREAMING HE WAS THE EMPEROR OF CHINA OR THE EMPEROR OF CHINA DREAMING HE WAS A BUTTERFLY... I HAVE MY OWN DREAM, MY OWN TANGLED SKEIN OF REALITY AND UNREALITY, FOR I DWELL IN...

The DREAMING TOWER!



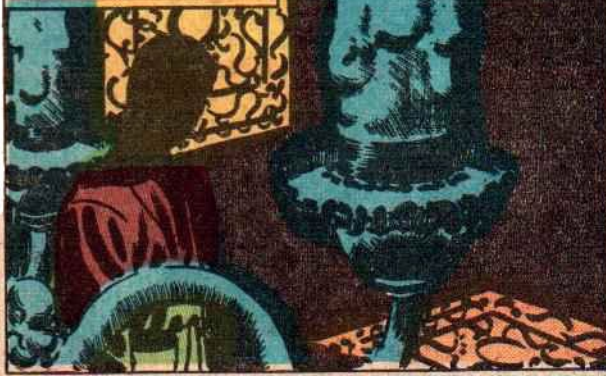
MY NAME IS **JOHN SUMPTER**... NOTHING ABOUT ME IS IMPORTANT OR OF ANY INTEREST, EXCEPT THAT FOR MANY YEARS I HAVE PARTICIPATED IN A MOST UNUSUAL DREAM, SO CONSTANT, SO REAL THAT THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO ELEMENT OF IT THAT I CANNOT ACCURATELY DESCRIBE.



IN THIS DREAM I AM SOLE OCCUPANT OF A ROOM IN A TALL TOWER... THIS I KNOW BY WATCHING THE SHADOWS THAT OVERLOOK THE OCEAN. THIS ROOM OF MY DREAM IS A STRANGE ROOM AND THROUGH THE YEARS I HAVE COME TO KNOW IT WELL, TO REGARD IT WITH A MIXTURE OF AFFECTION AND SUPPRESSED FEAR.



IT IS STRANGE HOW A LONELY MAN WILL NOTICE LITTLE THINGS, BECOME INTERESTED IN AND AWARE OF TRIVIAL MATTERS THAT WOULD GO UNNOTICED BY THE AVERAGE PERSON. I AM LIKE THAT, ESPECIALLY IN THE DREAM. I NOTICE THINGS. I AM AWARE OF, AND INTERESTED IN-- TRIVIAL THINGS.



I ALWAYS START MY DREAM BY BEING ASLEEP... ASLEEP IN THE DREAM, THAT IS...



AND THEN I AWAKE IN THIS DREAM, JUST AS I DID THIS MORNING, WHEN THE CLEAN PUNGENT SMELL OF HOT FRESH COFFEE COMES TO ME AND I OPEN MY EYES TO SEE THAT A BREAKFAST TRAY IS WAITING FOR ME OVER BY THE DOOR, JUST AS IT ALWAYS IS.



AND... JUST AS THE TRAY IS ALWAYS THERE, SO ALSO DO I ALWAYS TRY THE DOOR-- WHEN I GO FOR THE TRAY-- BUT ALWAYS TO FIND IT LOCKED!



FOLLOWING BREAKFAST IN THE DREAM, THERE ARE BOOKS, THE RECORD PLAYER AND A SUPERB VIEW OF THE EVER-CHANGING OCEAN FOR DIVERSION. SOMEHOW, SUCH PASTIMES WERE ALL RIGHT... I FOUND NO FAULT WITH THE LIFE I LED IN MY DREAMS... UNTIL TODAY...



UNTIL TODAY, SUCH HAS ALWAYS BEEN THE PATTERN OF MY DREAMS. IN THE TODAY OF MY DREAM WORLD, THERE CAME A BREAK IN THE ESTABLISHED ROUTINE. I AWOKE WITH A HEADACHE AND I HEARD SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE DOOR...



I SLIPPED FROM BED AND TIPTOED TO THE DOOR AND TRIED TO FOLLOW THE VOICES FROM WITHOUT!

ARE YOU CERTAIN THAT THE DOCTOR LEFT NO INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU IN CASE OF JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS THIS?

NO, MA'AM, I'VE TRIED TO **PHONE** HIM BUT HE'S OUT ON A DISTANT CALL!



THE WORDS OF THE MAN AND WOMAN WHO STOOD OUTSIDE MY TOWER DOOR IN TODAY'S DREAM MADE LITTLE OR NO SENSE BUT I CONTINUED LISTENING ANYWAY!

HIS LAST PILL IS OVERDUE AN HOUR NOW! HE NEEDS IT, THE POOR THING! I SIMPLY DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, MA'AM... HE'LL BE HAVING BREAKFAST IN ANOTHER TEN MINUTES ANYWAY! HE'S NOT TOO FAR OFF HIS MEDICINE SCHEDULE!



SUDDENLY I LOST ALL INTEREST IN THESE UNKNOWN DREAM PEOPLE AND RETURNED TO MY BED. MY HEADACHE WAS GROWING!



I SLEPT, AND WHEN I AWOKE THE TRAY WAS THERE! I GOT UP, TRIED THE DOOR TO FIND IT LOCKED AND THEN TASTED THE COFFEE... IT WAS COLD! THE DREAM WAS NOW COMPLETELY DEPARTING FROM ITS DAY IN DAY OUT PATTERN!



BEWILDERED BY THE OBVIOUS AND GROWING VARIATIONS WITHIN MY DREAM, I WANDERED ABOUT THE ROOM. I TRIED READING, I PLAYED A SYMPHONY, BUT TO NO AVAIL! I NOW KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG IN MY DREAM, BUT WHAT?



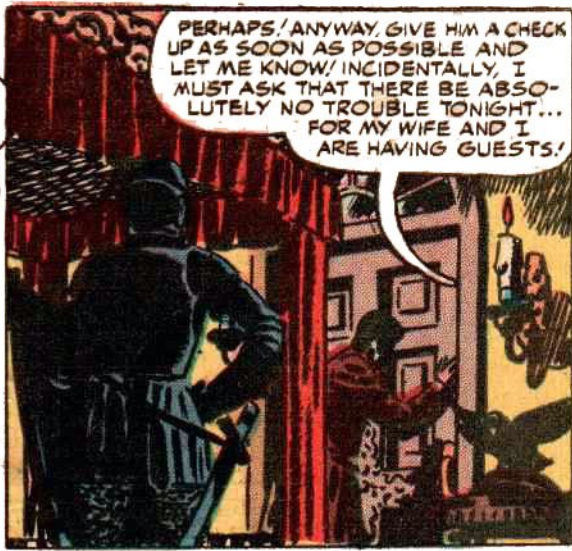
THEN ONCE MORE THE SOUNDS SHIMMERED IN MY EARS LIKE SUNLIGHT ON SWIFT FLOWING WATER... I HEARD VOICES AGAIN JUST OUTSIDE MY DREAM LOCKED DOOR!

ARE YOU **POSITIVE** HE IS ALL RIGHT, NOW?

THE NURSE TELLS ME THAT EVERYTHING HAS GONE RIGHT SINCE BREAKFAST. I DON'T DARE ENTER NOW BECAUSE HE'S AWAKE... BUT HIS MISSING HIS MEDICATION APPARENTLY HAS DONE HIM NO HARM... EVEN THOUGH IT'S DEPLORABLE!



PERHAPS, ANYWAY, GIVE HIM A CHECK UP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND LET ME KNOW! INCIDENTALLY, I MUST ASK THAT THERE BE ABSOLUTELY NO TROUBLE TONIGHT... FOR MY WIFE AND I ARE HAVING GUESTS!



AT FIRST I ATTEMPTED TO PUZZLE OVER THE EVENTS IN MY DREAM MORNING, BUT DECIDED, REALIZING THAT IT **WAS** BUT A DREAM, THAT IT DIDN'T MATTER ANYWAY... AND DROPPED ON THE BED FOR A NAP! I STILL HAD MY HEADACHE!



I SLEPT LONG HOURS OF DREAMLESS SLEEP THEN, IN MY DREAM... WHEN I AWOKE, IT WAS EVENING!

THIS, TOO, IS DIFFERENT. NEVER BEFORE HAVE I SLEPT **THIS** LATE IN ANY OF THESE DREAMS!



THE ROAST BEEF SMELLS GOOD, BUT I'D BEST TRY **THE DOOR** FIRST! SO MANY THINGS ARE OFF TODAY IN THIS DREAM... PERHAPS THE DOOR WILL OPEN, TOO!

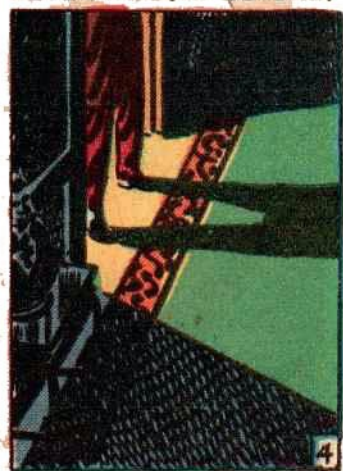


THEN, STANDING IN THE SEMI-DARKNESS OF MY LONELY TOWER ROOM, I GROPED FOR AND FOUND THE DOOR KNOB. GENTLY I TUGGED AT IT, REALIZING AS I DID SO, THE FUTILITY OF THE ACT... BUT **THIS TIME...**

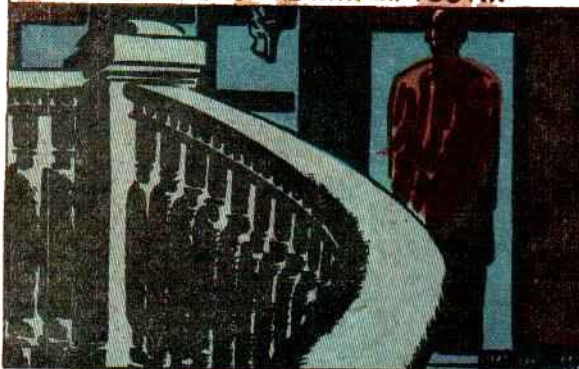
IT'S **UNLOCKED!**



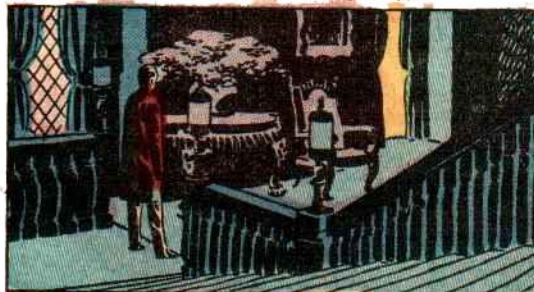
SLOWLY, TIMIDLY, I OPENED THE DOOR AND STOOD STARING OUT INTO THE PITCH BLACKNESS OF THIS PART OF THE TOWER THAT I HAD **NEVER KNOWN BEFORE!**



I WAITED, FEARFUL THAT PERHAPS MY DREAM WAS TURNING INTO A NIGHTMARE, UNTIL MY EYES GREW SOMEWHAT ACCUSTOMED TO THE DARKNESS. THEN I MOVED FORWARD, ALWAYS EXPLORING AHEAD OF ME WITH MY FOOT...



ONCE I FOUND MYSELF DESCENDING THE METAL STAIRS THAT SPIRALED DOWN AND DOWN INTO THE TOTAL BLACKNESS, THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK! DREAM OR NOT... I HAD TO GO ON, STEP BY STEP! AT LAST, AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE LONG HOURS OF SLOW EFFORT, I REACHED THE BOTTOM OF THE STEPS! CAUTIOUSLY I LOOKED ABOUT ME AND SAW, IN THE BLACK VELVET DISTANCE, THE SOFT WARM GLOW OF YELLOW LIGHT...



SLOWLY, FEARFULLY, I MOVED TOWARD THE LIGHT THAT GREW AND LENGTHENED INTO A DAZZLING, BLINDING GLARE... AND FROM BEYOND THIS DREAM-SPAWNED LIGHT I COULD HEAR THE BUZZ-HUM OF CONVERSATION... THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE WHO WERE CONTENT AND HAPPY... WHO DID NOT DREAM!



"THEN, PERHAPS IT WAS BECAUSE THOSE WITHIN THE ROOM SENSED MY PRESENCE, THE ROOM STILLED AND I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WAIT FOR MY DREAM TO GO ON... I HAD TO KNOW WHAT WAS TO HAPPEN NEXT...

AT LAST I COULD STAND THE MOUNTING TENSION NO LONGER, EVEN IF IT WAS ALL BUT A DREAM. I DECIDED TO OPEN THE DOOR WIDER AND SEE FOR MYSELF THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO PARTICIPATED IN MY DREAM!



I KNOW SOMETHING IS WRONG! I SIMPLY DON'T TRUST JOHN'S NEW NURSE!



LOOK! IN THE DOORWAY!

THEY ALL
TURNED AND
LOOKED AT ME
AND I IN TURN
STARED BACK
AT THEM!
THEN, AS I
SAW THE
VARIOUS
EXPRESSIONS
OF LOATHING
AND FEAR
MIRRORED ON
THEIR FACES,
I BEGAN TO
WONDER, WAS
THIS BUT A
DREAM AND
WHY? AND
WHETHER
IT WAS OR
NOT-- WHAT
WAS I?



WHEN I COULD TAKE THEIR EYES NO MORE,
I TURNED TO RUN!



AND, AS I DID SO, I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF WHAT
WAS REFLECTED IN THE WALL MIRROR-- THAT
WHICH HALTED ME IN MY HASTY FLIGHT!



IT WAS THE
FACE OF A
MONSTER
THAT I SAW!
A GHASTLY
HORROR,
WILD OF HAIR
AND
WARPED OF
FLESH!
I SAW AT
LAST WHAT
ROAMED IN
MY DREAMS
-- IN THE
TOWER--
THE TWISTED
MOUTH
BARED ITS
YELLOW
TEETH IN
SILENT
DISMAY! I
WAS SEEING
MYSELF!





IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I LAY IN THE SECURITY OF MY BED IN THE TOWER ROOM...



SO, NOW I KNOW... KNOW THAT MY LIFE WAS A DREAM, AND THE DREAM WAS REALITY! IT'S FUTILE TO BE BITTER... I AM CONTENT HERE... IN MY DREAMING TOWER... I HAVE MY BOOKS AND MUSIC AND THE NEVER ENDING PARADE OF THE BREAKERS ON THE ROCKS BELOW! I SUPPOSE THIS IS ALL I WANT OF THE WORLD... OR THE WORLD OF ME...



STILL, I KNOW THAT I WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO COMPLETELY ERASE FROM MY MEMORY THE DARK JOURNEY DOWN THE STAIRS... THE PALE, BLOODLESS FACES... THE FRIGHTENED EYES... THE SHOUTS... THE GASPS... MY FIRST AND LAST CONTACT WITH MY FELLOW MAN!



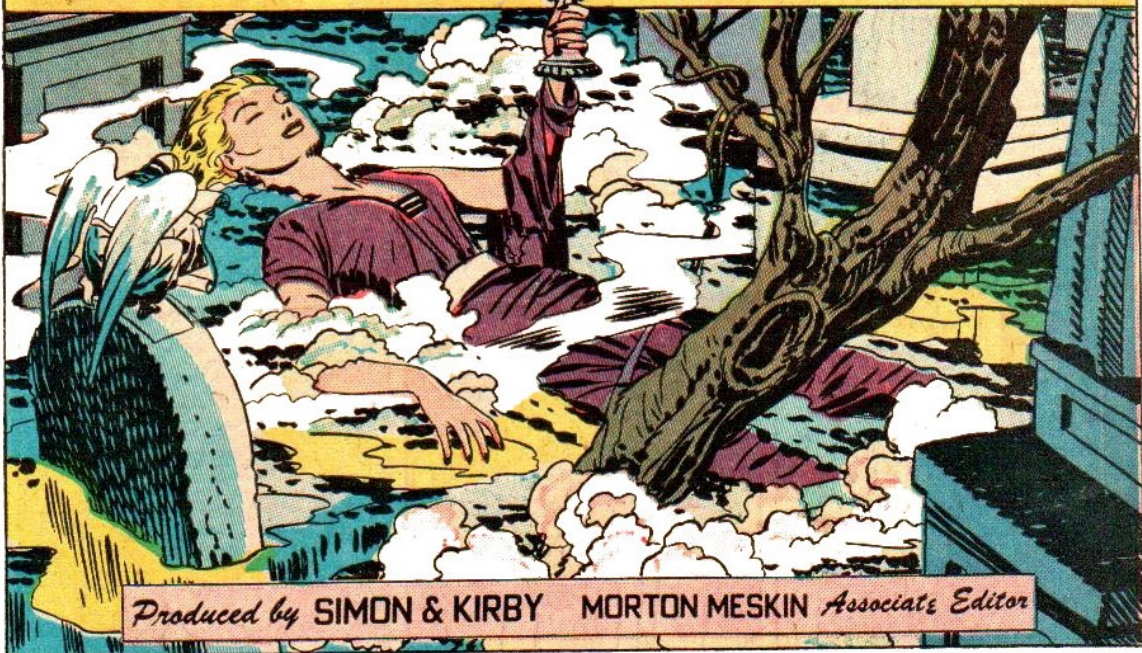
PERHAPS, I WILL NEVER FORGET, BUT AT LEAST I HAVE THE SECURITY OF KNOWING THAT IT DID HAPPEN AND THAT IT IS ALL OVER... ALL BUT A DREAM THAT I'LL DREAM NO MORE!



CHANCE? PERHAPS IT WAS--AND PERHAPS THE MYSTERIOUS POWERS WHICH GUIDE OUR DESTINIES WILLED RICHARD TEMPLE TO MEET MADELON ROBERTS WHO EACH NIGHT WALKED IN A PLACE OF DEATH, A WANDERER IN HER OWN NIGHTMARE SEEKING THE IDENTITY OF --

The GIRL IN THE GRAVE!

The advice which Mr. Temple offers in this story is intended only for the person involved and applies to that individual's situation--a similar dream could have a completely different interpretation for someone else.



Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

IF ANYONE WERE TO ASK RICHARD TEMPLE HIS PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE THE ANSWER WOULD MOST PROBABLY BE "NOTHING HAPPENS BY ACCIDENT! -- THERE IS A REASON FOR EVERYTHING!" THEN HE MIGHT GIVE AN EXAMPLE: A CHANCE MEETING THAT HAPPENED TO HIM, ONLY A SHORT WHILE AGO...

OH, MY COFFEE! I'VE SPILLED MOST OF IT OVER YOU! I-I AM SORRY! I'M AFRAID I'VE STAINED YOUR COAT!

IT ISN'T TOO BAD, MISS... THESE THINGS WILL HAPPEN!



RICHARD TEMPLE LOOKED UP--AND SAW DARK CIRCLES UNDER YOUNG BLUE EYES--SLIM HANDS THAT TREMBLED...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS? YOU LOOK ILL!

NO--NO-- I--I'M ALL RIGHT--





FRIEND OF
YOURS, MISTER
TEMPLE?

NO, BUT-- THAT GIRL IS
NERVOUS, MIKE--AND
FRIGHTENED! THAT'S THREE
TIMES IN AS MANY MINUTES
SHE'S PUT ON HER LIPSTICK
AND WIPED IT OFF
AGAIN!



I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS--
PERHAPS I HAVE **NO**
RIGHT TO PRY INTO YOUR
AFFAIRS, BUT-- I'D
LIKE TO **HELP**
YOU-- MY
NAME IS
RICHARD
TEMPLE!

**TEMPLE? THE DREAM
DETECTIVE? WHY-- I
WAS GOING TO CALL
YOUR OFFICE AS
SOON AS I LEFT HERE!
FOR AN APPOINTMENT
TONIGHT!**



I'M AFRAID YOU'D HAVE
MISSED ME. BUT
APPARENTLY **FATE**
HAS DECIDED THAT
YOU WERE TO
SEE ME TONIGHT
AFTER ALL! HOW
CAN I HELP
YOU?

MISTER
TEMPLE,
I--I'VE BEEN
HAVING **A
DREAM!** I--
I'M AFRAID
TO GO TO
SLEEP! IF I DO,
I'LL DREAM
AGAIN!



SUPPOSE
YOU BEGIN
AT THE
BEGINNING,
MISS--

**ROBERTS... MADELON
ROBERTS!** I'M A
JUNIOR ACCOUNTANT...
I'VE BEEN OUT OF
COLLEGE FOR A
YEAR ... AND A
**WEEK AGO I FOUND
A POSITION!**
AT LAST!



I START TOMORROW MORNING!
ONLY-- SINCE I WAS HIRED,
I'VE HAD THIS **DREAM
EVERY NIGHT!** I'M SO--SO
TIRED! MR. TEMPLE, I
WON'T BE ABLE
TO DO MY WORK!
AND I **NEED**
THE POSITION!

HOW
DOES IT
BEGIN, THIS
DREAM OF
YOURS?



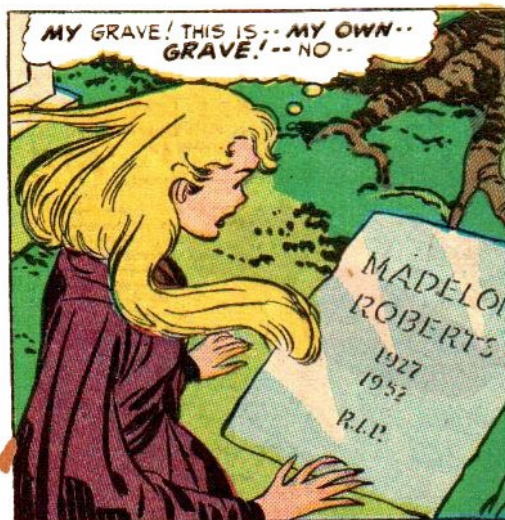
MADELON ROBERTS TOOK A DEEP BREATH,
STEADIED HERSELF--ALMOST AS IF JUST **SPEAKING**
OF HER DREAM WAS AN EFFORT-- AND BEGAN ...

LOST--I'M--LOST...



"EACH NIGHT," CONTINUED MISS ROBERTS, "THE
SAME! THERE IS A **CEMETERY!** AN OLD ABAN-
DONED RUIN WHERE I WALK ALONE TO A
GRAVE!

I CAN HARDLY READ IT--IT SPELLS
**M-A-D-E-L-- MADELON
ROBERTS!**



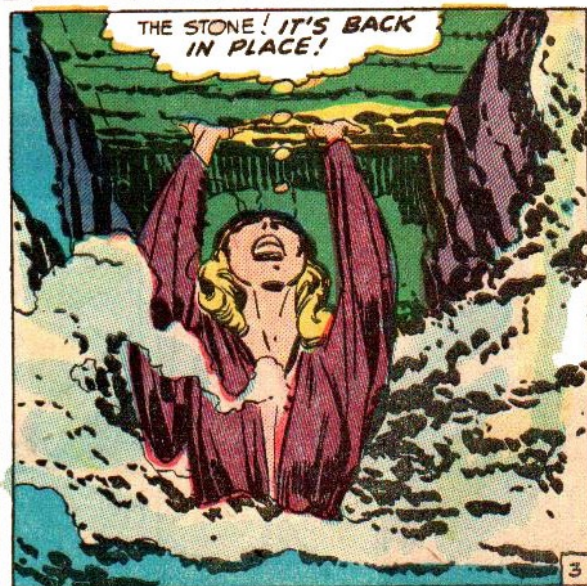
"THE GRAVE YAWNS OPEN! I CAN JUST SEE A FLIGHT OF STEPS, LEADING DOWN! EVERYTHING IS BLACK! I'M AFRAID.. HORRIBLY AFRAID! AND YET...

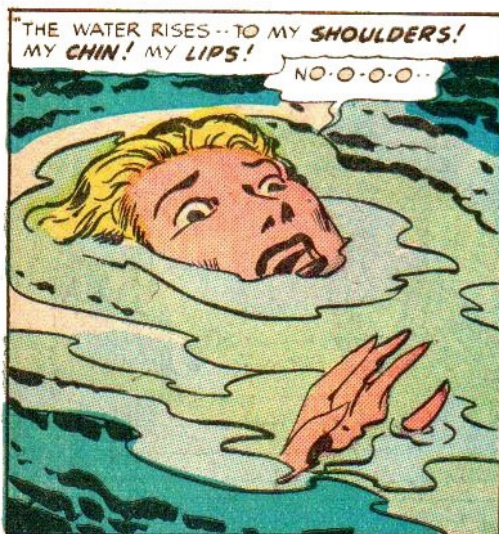


"THAT'S WHEN THE REAL HORROR BEGINS! THERE IS A SET OF LEDGERS ON A DESK AND I GO TO WORK-- AS IF IT WERE THE MOST NATURAL THING IN THE WORLD!



"FROM SOMEWHERE, WATER SEEPS IN! SLOWLY AT FIRST! AND I KNOW THAT I CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I HAVE BALANCED THOSE BOOKS! THEN MORE WATER! AND MORE! UNTIL IT'S A TORMENT!







"THREE SYMBOLS-- AND THE FOURTH IS **THE WATERS** WHICH RISE AND ENGULF YOU, AS YOU FEAR YOUR **WORK** MAY ENGULF YOU!"



BUT--I **WON'T** FAIL! I MUSTN'T! I'LL WORK HARD! I'LL **TRY!**

OF COURSE YOU WILL! THAT'S WHAT YOU KEEP TELLING YOURSELF! THAT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL AND HEALTHY! AND IT ALSO SUBSTANTIATED IN YOUR DREAM--

THE TORCH, YOU HOLD ALOFT, MISS ROBERTS! THE BURNING BRAND WHICH SINCE TIME BEGAN HAS MEANT EXACTLY WHAT IT MEANS TODAY! LIGHT! IN OTHER WORDS--**HOPE!**



AS LONG AS YOU HAVE THAT, YOU WON'T FAIL! BECAUSE YOU'LL KEEP TRYING! IN THE END, YOU'LL **HAVE TO SUCCEED!**



YES! WHEN YOU EXPLAIN IT ALL--WHEN YOU MAKE IT CLEAR--SOME--HOW, I'M--NOT AFRAID ANY MORE! YOU **HAVE** HELPED, MR. TEMPLE--HOW CAN I HOPE TO REPAY YOU?

YOU CAN PAY ME BEST BY GOING HOME AND GETTING A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP SO THAT WHEN YOU TACKLE YOUR NEW JOB TOMORROW--YOU'LL BE FIT AND **READY** FOR IT!



GOOD NIGHT, MISTER TEMPLE! AND FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART--**THANK YOU!**



MADELON ROBERTS RAN--AND RICHARD TEMPLE SMILED...

SO SHE'S NOT A **FRIEND** OF YOURS, EH, MISTER TEMPLE? AND SHE **KISSES** YOU LIKE THAT! HOW COME?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, MIKE--**FATE** ARRANGED TO HAVE ME MEET THAT YOUNG LADY HERE--JUST SO THAT SHE COULD **KISS** ME!



You sent us this Dream

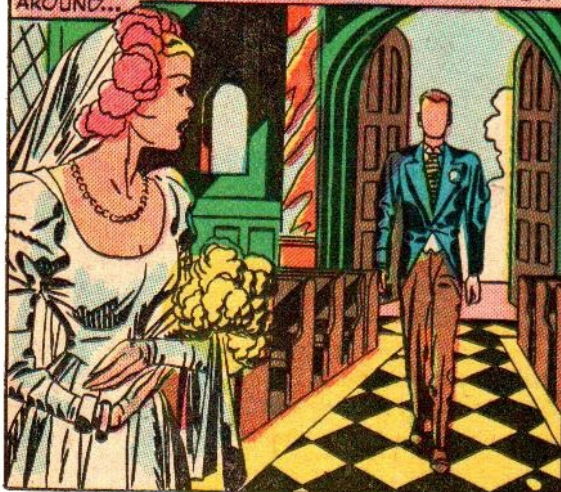
FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

MISS ELLEN K. OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, HAS WRITTEN TO ME AS FOLLOWS...

DEAR MR. TEMPLE;
FOR SOME TIME NOW...
IN FACT, EVER SINCE I
BECAME ENGAGED TO
BE MARRIED, I HAVE
BEEN HAVING THE
SAME DREAM OVER
AND OVER. THE
DREAM CONCERNS
MY FIANCE, TOM, OR
AT LEAST... I *THINK*
IT DOES! I CAN'T BE
CERTAIN, AND IT
PUZZLES ME! THAT'S
WHY I AM WRITING
TO YOU...



"EACH TIME, I STAND ALONE AT THE END OF A LONG AISLE, IN MY WEDDING GOWN! AND WHEN I LOOK AROUND...



"THE MAN WALKING TOWARD ME IS MY BRIDEGROOM! I KNOW THAT! BUT... **HE HAS NO FACE!** I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS! YET THE CEREMONY GOES ON!

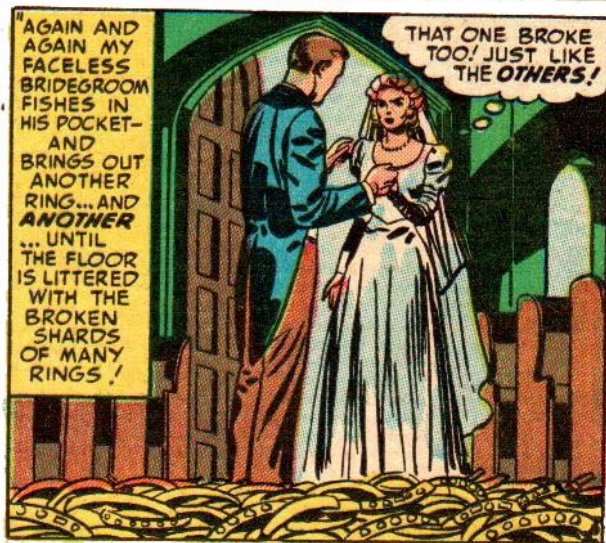


THE RING!
I... YES! HERE
IT IS!



IT... **BROKE!** IT
SNAPPED IN TWO!

"AGAIN AND
AGAIN MY
FACELESS
BRIDEGROOM
FISHES IN
HIS POCKET-
AND
BRINGS OUT
ANOTHER
RING... AND
ANOTHER
... UNTIL
THE FLOOR
IS LITTERED
WITH THE
BROKEN
SHARDS
OF MANY
RINGS!



THAT ONE BROKE
TOO! JUST LIKE
THE **OTHERS!**



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This was a most astounding dream--because it came true--
confronting me with cold facts in the light of day. Here
are the details of the dream that proved--

I LIVED 200 YEARS AGO!



AXIN! YOU SAID THE NAME OF THIS TOWN --
WAS AXIN! THEN--THIS IS THE PLACE!
THIS TOWN-- THIS IS WHERE I LIVED
ALMOST TWO HUNDRED
YEARS AGO!

"EXPLAIN IT? I'VE TRIED TO EXPLAIN IT SO
MANY TIMES! BUT I CAN'T! THERE IS NO
EXPLANATION! I **KNOW** THAT NOW, JUST
AS I KNOW THAT FIRST DREAM WAS
MORE THAN JUST A DREAM!"

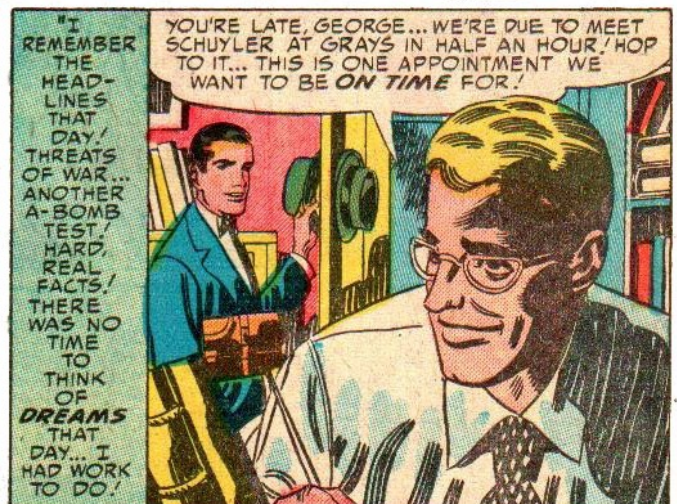
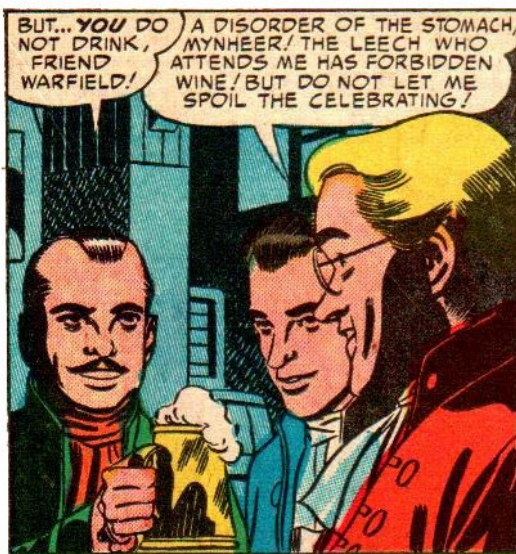
THEN THE MATTER IS **SETTLED**
EH, MYNHEERS? SETTLED AND **DONE**,
MYNHEER SCHUYLER!
AND NOW WE SHALL
DRINK TO SEAL THE
BARGAIN! LANDLORD! A
BOTTLE OF YOUR BEST!



"I DREAMED AND KNEW THAT I DREAMED! I
SAT IN A TAVERN WITH A MAN NAMED
SCHUYLER AND WITH GEORGE NORTON, MY
PARTNER ...

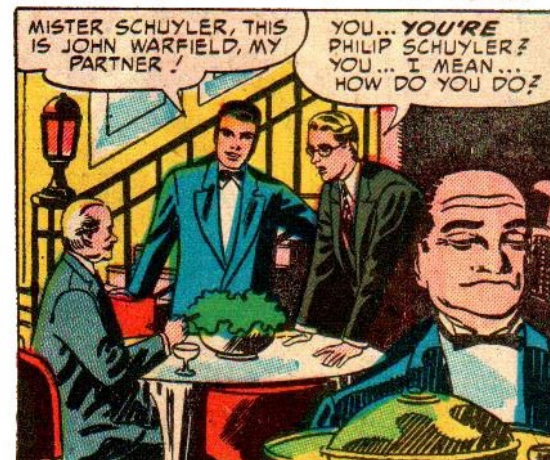
TO OUR VENTURE! PEWTER
FROM YOUR FOUNDRY TO MAKE TABLE
VESSELS IN MY MILL... AND A HANDSOME
PROFIT FOR US ALL!





"GEORGE NORTON WAS MY PARTNER AND MY BEST FRIEND! OUR FOUNDRY WAS SMALL BUT PROSPEROUS... I WAS THINKING OF OUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE AS WE DROVE TO GRAYS... BUT WHEN I STEPPED FOOT INTO THE RESTAURANT, IT WAS AS THOUGH I WERE RECREATING AN OLD SCENE."

"IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I HAD SEEN PHILIP SCHUYLER! GEORGE HAD MADE THE CONTACT... YET I HAD MET HIM BEFORE, IN MY DREAM! BUT YOU DON'T TELL A HARD-HEADED BUSINESSMAN A THING LIKE THAT!"





FINE, MISTER SCHUYLER!

THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION... FRANK, CHAMPAGNE! THE BEST!

YES, SIR!

HERE'S TO SUCCESS! MAY WE... Y-YOU AREN'T DRINKING, WARFIELD...

ULCERS AND CHAMPAGNE MAKE POOR BEDFELLOWS, MISTER SCHUYLER! BUT I'LL DRINK TO OUR SUCCESS ANYWAY... WITH WATER!



I STOPPED THEN, REMEMBERING! BUT IT WAS ALL IMAGINATION! COINCIDENCE? OF COURSE! AND AFTERWARD... WELL, WHEN YOU'RE MAKING MONEY, YOU DON'T WORRY ABOUT COINCIDENCE!



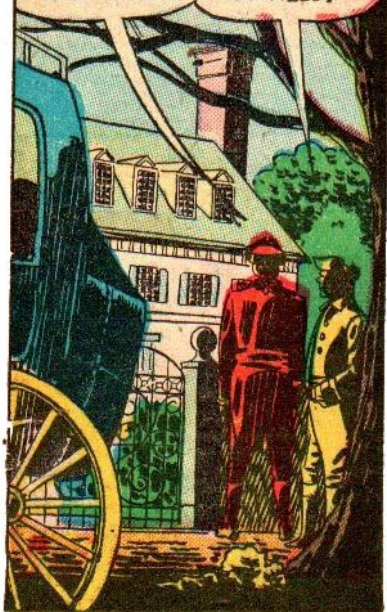
WELL, JANSEN, WHAT'S THE VERDICT? RED OR BLACK?

I HAVEN'T QUITE FINISHED THE AUDIT, MR. NORTON, BUT YOUR PROFITS FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS WILL RUN TO FIVE FIGURES!

SIX MONTHS! EIGHT MONTHS! EIGHT MONTHS AND A DAY! IT WAS JUST EIGHT MONTHS AND ONE DAY UNTIL THE SECOND DREAM! HOW CAN I FORGET?

IT IS A WELL BUILT HOUSE, MYNHEER, AND PLEASING TO THE EYE, BUT NINE HUNDRED GUINEAS! THE PRICE IS HIGH!

NOT FOR YOU, MYNHEER WARFIELD!



ALL AXIN IS TALKING OF HOW YOU AND MYNHEER NORTON HAVE PROFITED THESE PAST MONTHS! OF HOW YOUR FOUNDRY HAS GROWN!

IT HAS GROWN BECAUSE MYNHEER NORTON AND MYSELF TEND OUR BUSINESS... AND MIND IT, UNLIKE THE BUSYBODIES OF AXIN!

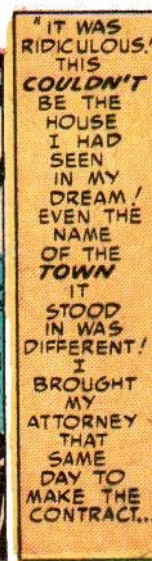
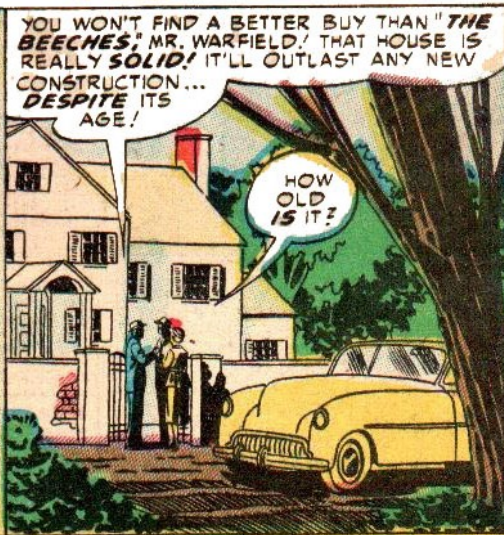
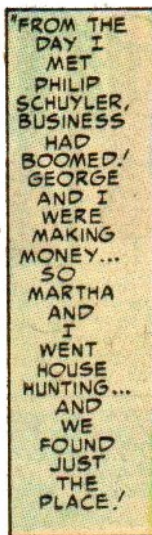
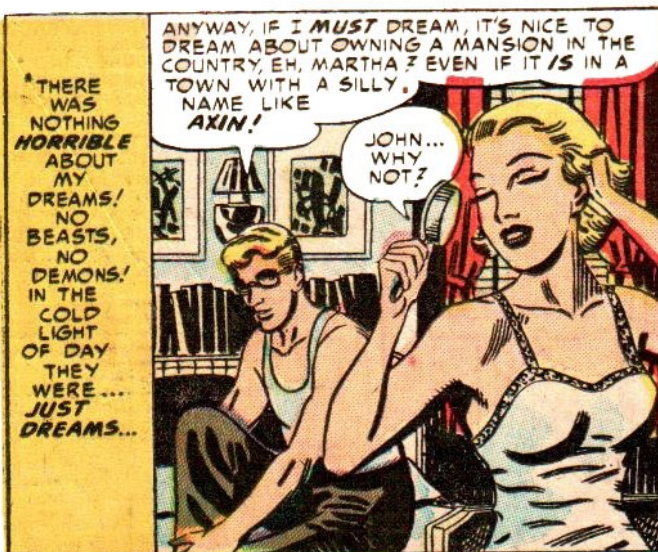


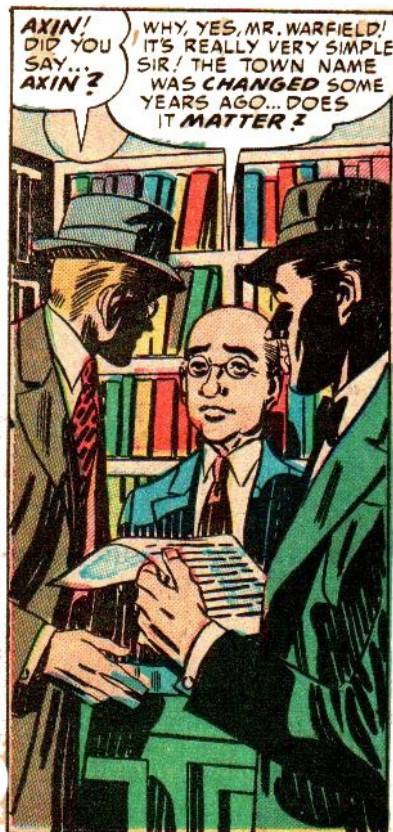
YOUR PARDON, MYNHEER! I MEANT NO OFFENSE!

THEN THE MATTER IS FORGOTTEN! NINE HUNDRED GUINEAS! VERY WELL! I WILL TAKE THE HOUSE!



3





AXIN!
DID YOU
SAY...
AXIN?

WHY, YES, MR. WARFIELD!
IT'S REALLY VERY SIMPLE,
SIR! THE TOWN NAME
WAS **CHANGED** SOME
YEARS AGO... DOES
IT **MATTER**?

I WAS SHAKEN... BUT THERE WAS
NO REAL REASON WHY I SHOULD
NOT BUY THE HOUSE! MARTHA
LOVED IT! AND I... I **TRIED** TO
FORGET MY FEARS! I SUCCEEDED,
UNTIL THE DAY WE MOVED IN...

OH, DEAR, I ASKED THE AGENCY
TO SEND ME A CLEANING WOMAN!
WE'LL NEVER FINISH AT THIS RATE!
JOHN, WILL YOU HELP ME TAKE
THESE THINGS
UP TO THE
ATTIC?

SLAVE DRIVER!
AND I THOUGHT
I WAS GOING TO
BE A COUNTRY
GENTLEMAN!



ALL RIGHT,
DARLING!
WHERE DO
YOU WANT
THIS
STUFF?

OVER HERE, JOHN!
YOU CAN HANG
THEM ON THE
NAILS IN THESE
BEAMS, AS SOON
AS I CLEAR... **JOHN,**
LOOK AT THIS!



WHAT
IS IT,
MARTHA,
A
TREASURE
MAP?

WHY NO... IT'S A PICTURE
OF **THE BEECHES**! IT
MUST BE ANCIENT!
WHO WOULD EVER
THINK OUR HOUSE
ONCE LOOKED
LIKE **THIS**!

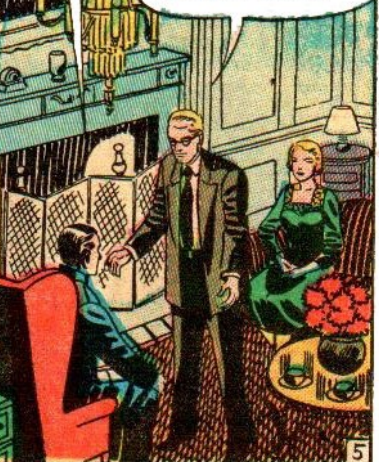
IT WASN'T ANCIENT! JUST OLD!
BUT THE **INSTINCT** THAT MADE
THE HAIR RISE ON MY NECK
WAS ANCIENT! THE SUPER-
STITIOUS TERROR THAT GRIPPED
MY THROAT WAS **ANCIENT**!

**THAT'S THE HOUSE... I
SAW IN MY DREAM! THIS
HOUSE, AS IT USED TO BE!
BUT... IT ISN'T
POSSIBLE!**



WHEN I TOLD GEORGE, HE JUST
LAUGHED... BUT NOT EVEN **HIS**
FRIENDLY HAND ON MY ARM, HIS
SOLID DOWN TO EARTH PRESENCE,
COULD BREAK THE SPELL!

NOW, LOOK, JOHN! I **FORESAW**
YOU MUSTN'T LET **THE FUTURE!**
THIS THING **THE DEAL WITH**
UPSET YOU! SCHUYLER, THE
THERE MUST NAME OF THE
BE **SOME** TOWN, THIS
LOGICAL HOUSE! I SAW
EXPLANATION! THEM IN MY
DREAMS BEFORE
I SAW THEM
IN **REAL LIFE!**
EXPLAIN **THAT!**





"I TRIED! I WANTED TO FORGET IT! BUT I COULDN'T! I KEPT THINKING, THINKING UNTIL MY NERVES WERE TIGHT AS THE STRINGS ON A VIOLIN!"

FOR PETE'S SAKE, JOHN! COME OUT OF IT! YOU'RE A SENSIBLE **BUSINESSMAN!** YOU CAN'T LET A SET OF CRAZY COINCIDENCES DRIVE YOU INTO A CRACKUP!



"GEORGE WAS MY FRIEND! HE ARGUED, RATIONALIZED, MADE *HIS* STRENGTH MY STRENGTH! THAT'S WHY THE **THIRD** DREAM SEEMED SO RIDICULOUS! BUT IT WAS **TERRIFYING** FIRST... WHEN KNIFE IN HAND, I CREEPT UP TO THE MAN WITH MY PARTNER'S FACE!"





THOSE OTHER DREAMS... THEY WERE COINCIDENCE! THEY HAD TO BE! **THIS PROVES IT!** THIS TIME THE DREAM **CAN'T** COME TRUE! GEORGE IS MY BEST FRIEND! I'D AS SOON KILL MYSELF AS HIM! DON'T YOU SEE?

"I WENT BACK TO SLEEP, CONTENTED AND IN THE MORNING I COULDN'T WAIT TO TELL HIM!"



NORTON HASN'T COME IN YET, MR. WARFIELD! BUT THE ACCOUNTANT CALLED! HE ASKED THAT YOU CALL HIM RIGHT BACK! HE SAID IT WAS URGENT!

NO, MR. MR. WARFIELD! BUT THE ACCOUNTANT CALLED! GET HIM ON THE PHONE, ANNE!



URGENT? YES, IT WAS URGENT! GEORGE CAME IN WHILE I WAS ON THE PHONE! IT SEEMED SO IMPOSSIBLE! SITTING THERE, SEEING HIM AND HEARING WHAT I WAS HEARING!

'MORNING, JOHN! I'M AFRAID THERE IS NO MISTAKE, MR. WARFIELD! YOUR PARTNER HAS BEEN EMBEZZLING COMPANY FUNDS!



THE LAST AUDIT SHOWED IT, BUT I WANTED TO BE CERTAIN! NOW I **AM!** THE FIGURES IN YOUR BOOKS HAVE BEEN JUGGLED! AND NORTON'S CANCELLED CHECKS FIT THOSE FIGURES! TO THE PENNY!



"I HUNG UP! THERE WAS NUMBNESS FIRST! THEN THE RAGE CAME! BEATING! SLOWLY! LIKE A GIANT HAMMER IN MY BRAINS!"

BEAUTIFUL MORNING, JOHN! BEAUTIFUL!



"THAT'S WHEN I STARTED TO WRITE THIS ACCOUNT! TO KEEP FROM THINKING! BUT **HE'S** STANDING BY THE WINDOW...AND THERE'S A PAPER KNIFE ON MY DESK..."



"HIS BACK IS TO ME! IF HE'D ONLY TURN! I DON'T WANT TO DO IT! BUT THE KNIFE IS IN MY HAND! AND I'M GETTING UP! I'M GETTING UP!"

You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

"BETTY DREAMT OF A COLD WORLD WHERE PEOPLE SCURRIED BY--IGNORING BETTY IN HER SWIM SUIT-- BETTY CARRIED AN EMPTY SACK, AND SHE APPROACHED A STERN MAN WHO GUARDED A COAL PIT.



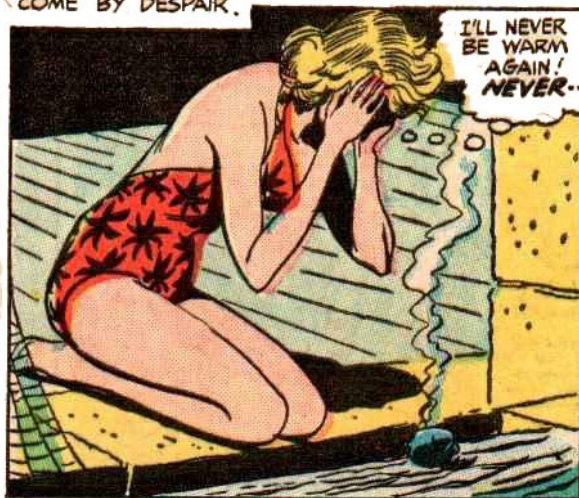
BETTY L. WRITES THAT THE BOY WITH WHOM SHE HAS BEEN GOING STEADY FOR SOME TIME RECENTLY STOPPED SEEING HER--AND IT WAS ON THAT SAME NIGHT SHE EXPERIENCED A MOST DISTURBING DREAM.



"THE MAN WHO GUARDED THE COAL SNUBBED BETTY AT FIRST, BUT HE RELENDED, AND SHE GOT THE COAL. BETTY MADE A LONG AND WEARY JOURNEY TO HER DESTINATION...



IN THE DREAM, THIS DISCOVERY WAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK! BETTY WAS CERTAIN THE GUARD WOULD GIVE HER NO MORE COAL, AND SHE WAS OVER-COME BY DESPAIR.



THAT WAS HOW BETTY'S DREAM ENDED. IT SIMPLY MEANS THAT BETTY IS SEEKING AFFECTION AND WARMTH. HER STEADY HAS LEFT HER AND SHE IS TRYING TO COPE WITH EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS LEFT BY HIS GOING. FOR THE MOMENT, AT LEAST SHE FEELS NO ONE CAN REPLACE HIM.



The advice which Mr. Temple offers in this story is intended only for the person involved and applies to that individual's situation—a similar dream could have a completely different interpretation for someone else.

THE HURRYING PASSERBY WHO IGNORED HER REPRESENTS THE WORLD WHICH IN HER MIND HAS NO INTEREST IN HER. NO DOUBT, BETTY AND HER BOY FRIEND HAVE PARTED BEFORE, JUST AS THE GUARD RELENTED ONCE, BUT WOULD NOT A SECOND TIME.



BUT THIS TIME THE SPIRIT OF RELENTING IS ABSENT! STOP BEGGING FOR AFFECTION, BETTY. EARN IT INSTEAD! YOU CAN TRY!



EVERY ROMANCE HAS PITFALLS. AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, HEARTBREAK. SAVE YOURSELF LOTS OF TRAGEDY. DON'T BE A FAUX PAS. FOR WINNING STRATEGY, READ HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS OR HOW TO GET ALONG WITH BOYS. PUT PSYCHOLOGY TO WORK—NO MORE CLUMSY MISTAKES FOR YOU WITH THESE AMAZING HANDBOOKS!



IT'S EASY TO WIN SOMEONE
When You Know How!

READ FOR YOURSELF

How To Interest Someone in You
Get Dates... Win His or Her Love... Become the "One and Only"
"Make up" After a Quarrel... Express Your Love... Hold Your Sweetheart... Be a Personality... Improve Your Conversation, Looks, Manners... Overcome Inferiority... and many more topics.

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ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*

SOME DREAMS, BY THEIR VERY NATURE, ARE UNIVERSAL... THE SAME DREAM CAN OCCUR TO A BANKER, A STUDENT, A HOUSEWIFE!



"RECENTLY, DURING AN INTERVIEW IN MY OFFICE, SUCH A DREAM WAS RELATED TO ME BY A MISTER WALTER W. -- IN ANALYZING HIS DREAM, PERHAPS, I CAN ALSO EXPLAIN YOURS..."

MISTER TEMPLE, I'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED MYSELF A SANE, WELL BALANCED PERSON... YET, I CANNOT SHAKE OFF THIS DREAM!

GO ON, SIR! DESCRIBE IT IN DETAIL!



"HE WAS A RESERVED MAN. BUT HE SPOKE IN A TROUBLED VOICE. WALTER W. DID NOT LIKE RELIVING HIS DREAM... IT BEGAN WITH HIS WALKING ON A WINDING, TWISTING ROAD UPON WHICH A GREAT STORM POURED ITS FURY..."



"THE STORM SUDDENLY CAME TO AN END... AND SO DID THE ROAD... FOR DIRECTLY AHEAD OF WALTER W. -- IN A SETTING OF RAINBOW HUES BENEATH A WARM SUN, WAS AN INDESCRIBABLY LOVELY GARDEN..."



"SOAKED TO HIS VERY SKIN AND TREMBLING WITH CHILL, THE DREAMER RUSHED WITH EAGERNESS FOR THE INVITING WARMTH OF THE PARADISE BEFORE HIM! BUT AS HE REACHED ITS VERY EDGE, THE STEEL BARS OF FENCE RUSHED DOWN FROM THE SKY TO SHUT HIM OUT!"



LET ME IN THE GARDEN! IT'S SO TERRIBLE OUT HERE --

"AS IF IN ANSWER TO HIS PITIFUL PLEADING, THE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN SPAWNED AN UGLY HORDE OF MISHAPPEN DWARFES -- WHO STREAMED MENACINGLY TOWARD WALTER W."

GO BACK! GO BACK!



"THEY SWARMED THROUGH EVERY OPENING OF THE STEEL FENCE TO GET AT WALTER."

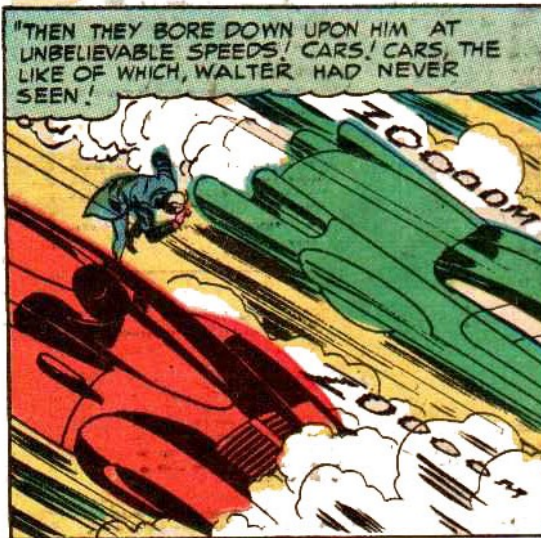




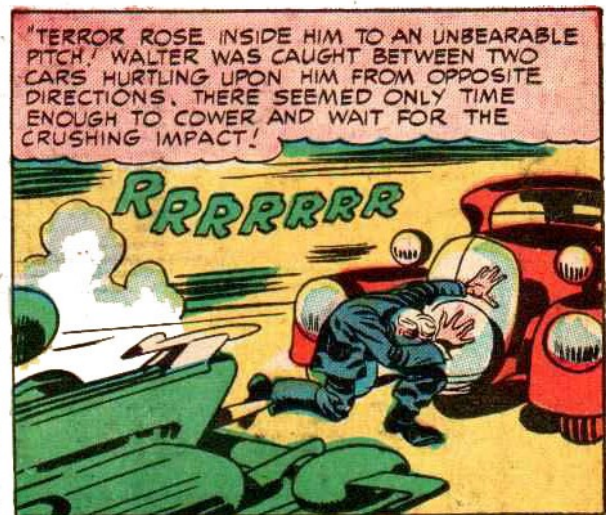
NO! DON'T STOP ME! I MUST REACH THE GARDEN!



"THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF HIDEOUS LITTLE EYES AND SQUEALING VOICES AND GRIPPING TALONS! WALTER FELT A WILD SURGE OF UNREASONING TERROR! SUDDENLY, HE FOUND HIMSELF RUNNING-ALONG, WHAT SEEMED LIKE A SMOOTHLY PAVED HIGHWAY!



"THEN THEY BORE DOWN UPON HIM AT UNBELIEVABLE SPEEDS! CARS! CARS, THE LIKE OF WHICH, WALTER HAD NEVER SEEN!



"TERROR ROSE INSIDE HIM TO AN UNBEARABLE PITCH! WALTER WAS CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO CARS HURTLING UPON HIM FROM OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. THERE SEEMED ONLY TIME ENOUGH TO COWER AND WAIT FOR THE CRUSHING IMPACT!



"AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE DREAM **SNAPPED** INTO OBLIVION AND WALTER W. AWOKES. HIS QUIET VOICE HELD A SLIGHT TREMOR AS HE FINISHED HIS NARRATION:

THAT WAS IT, MISTER TEMPLE. I- IS THERE ANY WAY TO KEEP THIS DREAM FROM RECURRING--

I'M AFRAID NOT, SIR!



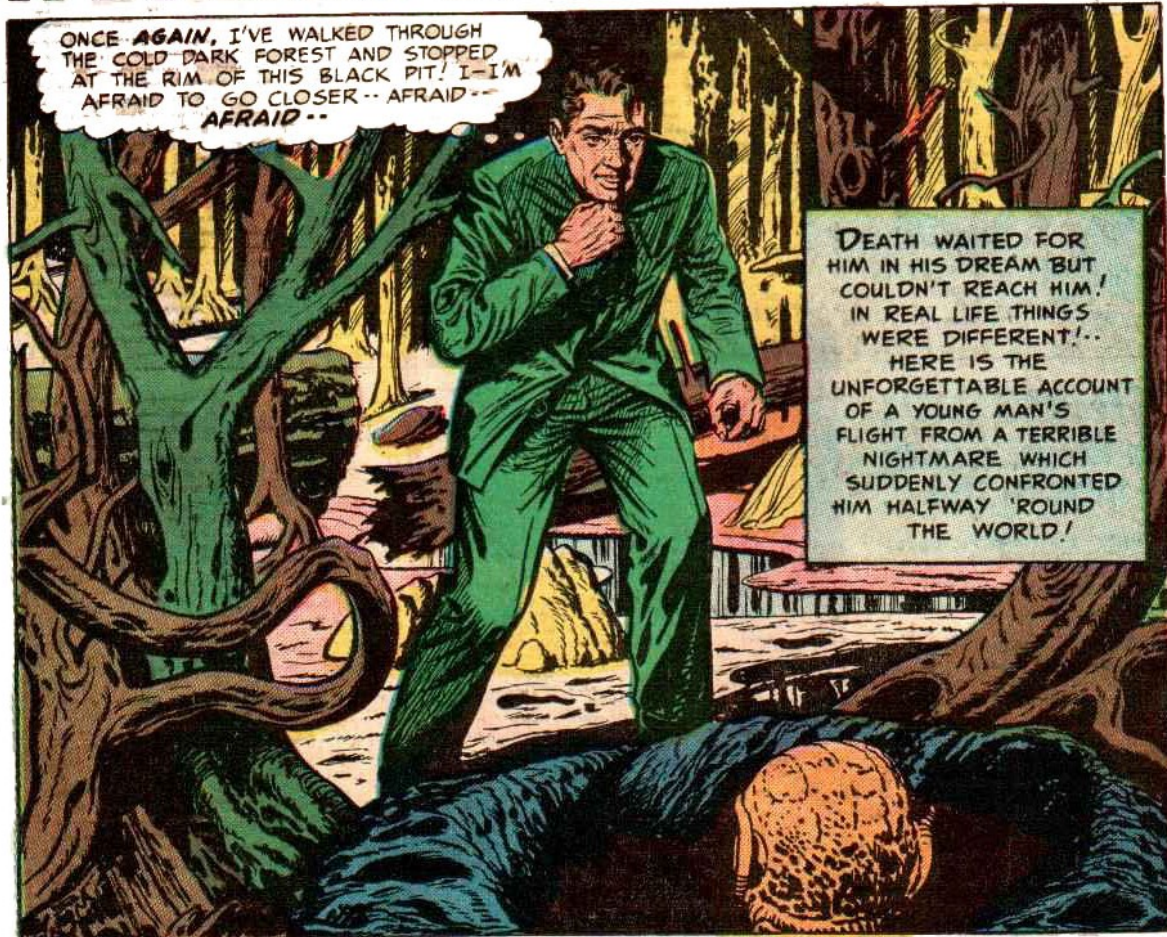
YOU SEE, THIS DREAM REPRESENTS THE MOST BASIC OF ALL HUMAN EMOTIONS -- "THE **INSTINCT OF SELF-PRESERVATION**." IN THIS WORLD OF ATOM BOMBS, WE ALL SEEK THE SUNLIT GARDEN OF YOUR DREAM --



BUT THERE ARE ALWAYS THE DARK FORCES BARRING THE WAY. THE **FENCE** -- THE **GOBLINS**! THE BLIND, HURTLING FUTURISTIC CARS RISE OUT OF OUR FEARS OF THE TIMES WE LIVE IN. YOU'RE UNDER **TENSION**, MISTER W. -- RELAX.

PERHAPS, SOME DAY SOON, WE'LL REACH THE GARDEN.

A DREAM SAVED HIS LIFE!



PHILLIP HANNA FIRST SAW THAT RAW BLEAK LAND—SCAPE ON JULY 2, 1950, THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS TO REPORT TO THE ARMY FOR INDUCTION! HE STEPPED OUT ON HIS PLEASANT BOSTON HOME--AND INTO THE BARREN, ICY ARMS OF HORROR!



"CAREFUL-- CAREFUL"-- THE WORD WAS THE FROTHY CREST OF THE WAVES OF FEAR WHICH SWEEPED ALL PEACE FROM HIS QUAKING SOUL! "KEEP MOVING! DON'T STOP! WATCH FOR THE FACE OF LURKING DEATH!"



WHERE IS MY HOME? DID I HAVE A HOME? I'VE FORGOTTEN... **THIS** IS MY WORLD! THE WHITE MOUNTAINS... THE FOREST... MOTION-LESS SHAPES... **AND SHADOWS... THAT MOVE...**



IT SEEMED LIKE A **HIDEOUS** PLACE! AND YET, VERY MUCH PART OF HIM! PHIL WALKED ON, UNMINDFUL OF THE HOWLING WIND WHICH SOUGHT TO DRAW THE WARMTH FROM HIS BODY!

I'M A FOOL TO KEEP GOING! I'M AFRAID OF WHAT LIES AHEAD... **AFRAID!** BUT THAT'S MY **GREATEST DANGER... MY OWN FEARS!** I MUST **IGNORE** THEM... AND GO ON...



A RUSHING STREAM... BEYOND IT... MORE FOREST... MORE ICE... AND THE ENDLESS NIGHT...



THE WATER WAS BITTERLY COLD-AND THE FOOTING TREACHEROUS! BUT, PHIL CROSSED THE STREAM!

THERE'S A **PATH** LEADING INTO THE THICKETS UP AHEAD! I'LL FOLLOW IT... WHY NOT?



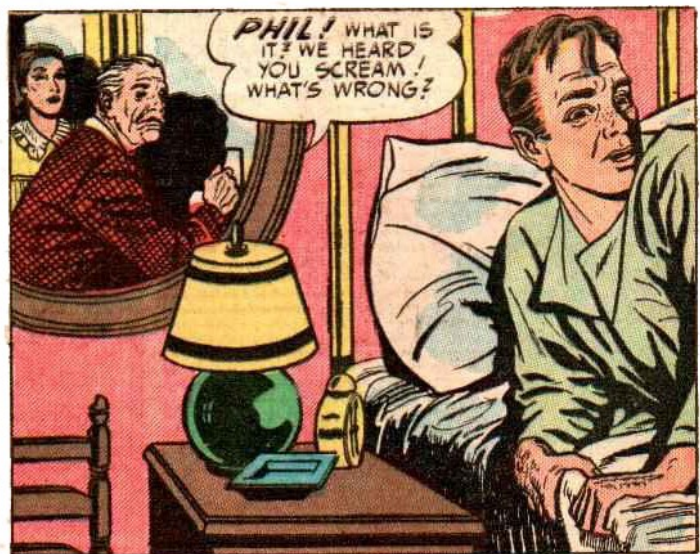
THE LAND SEEMED TO HAVE SUSTAINED SOME GREAT BLOW... HAD TURNED UPON ITSELF IN PAIN! AND THE TREES WERE CORPSES... STANDING UPRIGHT IN SHATTERED RANKS!



PHIL HALTED WHEN HE CAME TO THE CRATER-LIKE **PIT!** HE SWAYED IN TERROR... TRYING TO KEEP FROM PEERING INTO ITS BLACK, MURKY DEPTHS...

I'VE GOT TO LOOK! YES... I SEE IT... **A FACE...** T-THE FACE OF A DEMON... IT'S EYES ARE FLAMING COALS AND IT BARES ITS TEETH LIKE SOME VILE BEAST!





PHIL TOOK HIS BASIC TRAINING WITH THE OTHER DRAFTEES... AND WAS ASSIGNED TO THE INFANTRY! THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE WERE FAMILIAR TO HIM NOW, BUT WAR WAS STILL A GAME! HOWEVER, THE REAL THING WAS NOT LONG IN COMING!

HEY! YOU YARL! BIRDS HEAR THE RUMOR? WE'RE PULLING OUT FOR OVERSEAS... TO KOREA!

SIMMER DOWN! THAT RUMOR'S BEEN FLOATING AROUND FOR MONTHS!



THIS RUMOR HELD WATER / SEA WATER! PHIL'S OUTFIT WAS SUDDENLY ASSEMBLED AND SHIPPED TO A PORT OF EMBARKATION! THERE, THEY BOARDED AN ARMY TRANSPORT!

WELL, I MUST REMEMBER TO WRITE A NOTE TO THAT GYPSY WHO TOLD MY FORTUNE AT THE BAZAAR LAST YEAR! SHE SAID THAT I'D NEVER TAKE AN OCEAN VOYAGE!

YEAH... THERE WAS ONE WHO SAID I HAD TALENT ... THAT I'D GO FAR!



THE FIRST NIGHT ABOARD SHIP, PHIL'S NIGHTMARE RE-CURRED, WITH EVEN MORE SHOCKING VIVIDNESS! THE WALK... THAT TERRIBLE WALK IN THE ICY FOREST... WHICH ENDED VIOLENTLY AT THE RIM OF THE PIT!

I... I CAN'T HELP IT! I'VE GOT TO LOOK INSIDE... I... I MUST SEE THE FACE!



PHIL! FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! COME OUT OF IT! YOU WERE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! AND FROM THAT YELL YOU JUST LET OUT IT MUST HAVE BEEN A PIP!

IT SURE WAS, JACK! I'M GLAD YOU WOKE ME! SORRY, I DISTURBED YOU GUYS!



THEN THERE WAS JUST THE MONOTONY, THE DULL, SEEMINGLY ENDLESS BOREDOM OF SHIPS, TRAINS, TRUCKS! BUT THE MONOTONY WAS SOON TO FLARE INTO ACTION!

SO THIS IS KOREA, PEARL OF THE ORIENT! GIMME FLATBUSH

THEY'LL GIVE US ALL PURPLE HEARTS IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT SNIPER OUT THERE! COVER ME, JACK!





HERE'S A **VITAMIN** PILL FOR YOU, BUSTER!



GOT HIM! LET'S GO, YOU GUYS!

ANOTHER RIDGE! ANOTHER PEAK! SLOW, BLOODY WORK! SUMMER CAME! THEN AUTUMN! PHIL HAD EARNED HIS STRIPES, IN THE BAPTISM OF FIRE! THE DAYS WERE GROWING CHILLY AND WET...



HEY PHIL! IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY? MY FEET FEEL LIKE A PAIR OF ICE CUBES!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, SOLDIER! WAIT UNTIL A MONTH FROM NOW! THEY TELL ME THIRTY BELOW IS A **HEAT WAVE** IN THIS COUNTRY!

CHILL TURNED TO BITING FROST! AND THE WETNESS WAS GLISTENING ICE - BENEATH THE UNFRIENDLY, WANING SUN!



OKAY! FIRST SQUAD! **ON YOUR FEET!** WE'VE GOT A LITTLE CHORE TO DO... **PATROL!**

OH, MY ACHING BACK! A GUY'S GOT TO BE THREE QUARTERS POLAR BEAR JUST TO KEEP FROM FREEZING SOLID IN THIS BLASTED CLIMATE AND WE HAVE TO GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!



ALL RIGHT! SINGLE FILE! KEEP SPREAD OUT! BUT DON'T LOSE TOUCH! ENEMY COUNTRY'S ONLY ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED YARDS UP AHEAD! IF YOU GET LOST... YOU'RE **DEAD!**

HE'S TELLING US! COME ON, SARGE! LET'S GO! THE SOONER WE START THE SOONER WE GET BACK TO THAT FIRE!

GRIPING IN THE TIME HONORED MANNER OF GOOD SOLDIERS, THE PATROL TOOK OFF THROUGH DARKNESS... AND PHIL HANNA FELT A CHILL THAT WAS **NOT** CAUSED BY THE LOW TEMPERATURE!



STRANGE... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUNTRY UP AHEAD THAT **BOTHERS** ME! I... I DON'T KNOW WHY...



YES, I DO / OF COURSE / I REMEMBER NOW / THE **DREAM** / THAT AWFUL DREAM / **THIS COULD BE THE VERY GROUND I COVERED IN THAT NIGHTMARE!** SURE / HERE'S THE **STREAM!** JUST THE WAY I SAW IT...



PHIL HANNA HAD PROVEN HIS COURAGE A DOZEN TIMES UNDER FIRE, BUT THIS WAS **DIFFERENT!** SUDDENLY, HE WANTED COMPANIONSHIP.

OKAY, FIRST SQUAD / PULL UP! ON THE DOUBLE / PSSST / WHERE **ARE YOU GUYS?** ANSWER ME!



ONLY THE SILENCE ANSWERED... DEEP... **INSIDE...** WHERE FEAR BEGAN TO STIR IN THE PRESENCE OF THE UNKNOWN! PHIL STRUCK OUT ACROSS THE STREAM...

I... I SHOULD TURN BACK... I WANT TO TURN BACK / BUT, I CAN'T... I - WANT TO - SEE - IF THERE'S - REALLY - A - **PIT...**



GOOD GRAVY! **HERE IT IS!** JUST LIKE IT WAS IN THE DREAM / **SOME-THING IS MOVING DOWN THERE -**



PHIL KNEW WHAT IT WAS / EVEN AS THE UGLY BLOB CAME INTO VIEW... PHIL SENSED A SORT OF COSMIC REASON FOR THE ASTOUNDING THING THAT WAS TAKING PLACE...



THAT'S WHY HE INSTINCTIVELY HIT THE DIRT... WITH RIFLE READY... A HEARTBEAT AHEAD OF THE BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE!



PHIL ROLLED TO HIS FEET AND FIRED INTO THE FACE... UNTIL IT DISAPPEARED... FOREVER!



HEY! PHIL! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THAT FOXHOLE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! HEY! GOT YOURSELF A RED, EH?

YEAH! A DREAM COME TRUE! AT LEAST HE MADE ENOUGH OF A RACKET TO BRING YOU PIGEONS FLOCKING BACK TO ME!



MACHINE GUNNER, HUH? NICE GOING! THAT BABY WAS PROBABLY PLANTED OUT HERE TO AMBUSH ANY OF OUR PATROLS THAT HEADED THIS WAY! GOOD THING YOU SPOTTED HIM!

YEAH! HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN ALL OF US! YOU SAVED OUR NECKS, PHIL!



HOW DID YOU SPOT HIM? DID HE MAKE A NOISE?

NO... I JUST KNEW HE WAS THERE! IN FACT, I'VE KNOWN FOR OVER A YEAR THAT HE WAS THERE!



THE BOYS DIDN'T GET IT! AND PHIL DIDN'T OFFER ANY EXPLANATIONS! HE WAS THINKING ABOUT THE DREAM... SOMEHOW, KNOWING IT WOULD NEVER RECUR AGAIN!

HEY, PHIL! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HANG AROUND AND MOON OVER THIS DEAD BIRD, ARE YOU?

NO! NO! I FEEL GREAT, JACK! I... I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST FINISHED A DIME MYSTERY NOVEL... AND FOUND IT HAD A HAPPY ENDING! GET THE BOYS! WE'RE GOING TO FINISH OUR WALK THROUGH THE FOREST!

TO THIS DAY, PHIL HANNA WONDERS ABOUT HIS DREAM... WONDERS WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF HE'D BEEN UNPREPARED FOR THE INCIDENT... WOULD HE HAVE FALLEN VICTIM TO THE FACE IN THE HOLE?

THE END

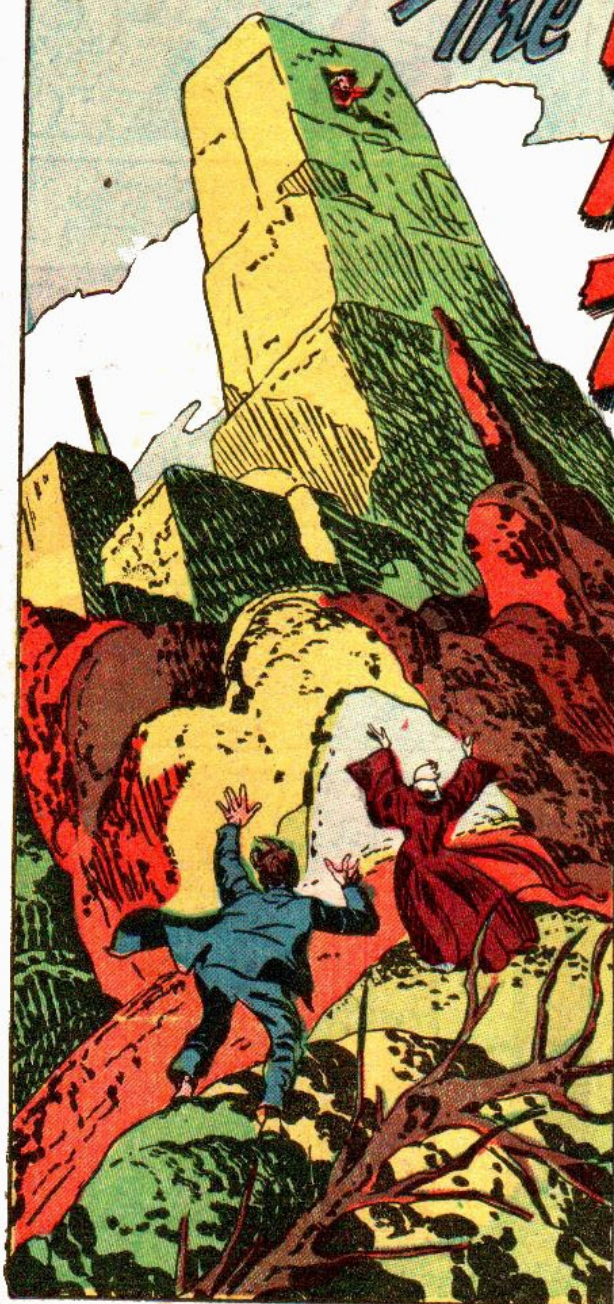


**HERE IT IS! A CASH PRIZE WINNING DREAM
CHOSEN FROM AMONG THE MANY LETTERS
SENT TO US FOR DRAMATIZATION AND ANALYSIS**

It is a forceful, emotional experience. The
horrifying moment of an average human
being trapped in a dismal world beyond
reality. We've decided to call this
true account

The WOMAN IN THE TOWER!

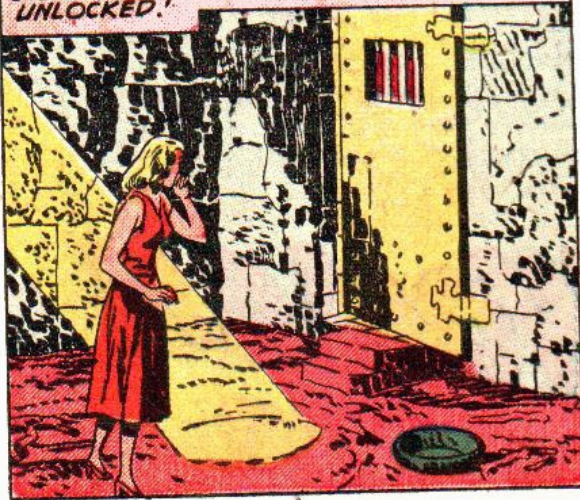
Produced by
SIMON & KIRBY



THE LETTER WAS SUBMITTED TO US BY
MRS. C.C.D. OF PARKERSBURG, WEST
VIRGINIA. SHE WRITES OF A RECURRING
DREAM WHICH HAS BEEN A SOURCE OF
DISTURBANCE TO HER FOR MANY YEARS.
IT USUALLY BEGINS IN THIS MANNER...

*I find myself
imprisoned in one of a
group of stone cells in a
high tower, situated on the
rocky crags of a monstrous
cliff*

THE ROOM IS BARE OF ANY FURNISHINGS-- AND, ALTHOUGH IN THE DREAM I AM AWARE THAT I AM CAPTIVE-- THERE ARE TWO TINY STEPS LEADING TO A DOOR-- WHICH IS UNLOCKED.



"STRANGELY ENOUGH, I NEVER TRY TO ESCAPE. THE FEAR IS TOO STRONG.. I THINK OF MY HUSBAND AND CALL OUT TO HIM FOR HELP!

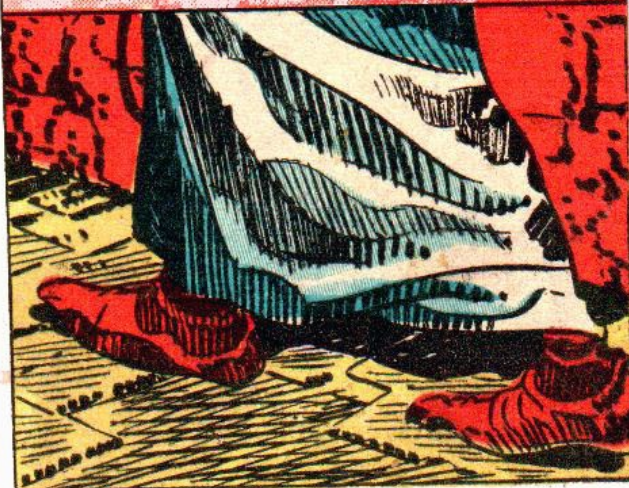


WHERE ARE YOU? HELP ME -- SAVE ME!

"I AM ANSWERED BY WAILING VOICES LIKE MY OWN -- VOICES IN *DISTRESS*-- ECHOING FROM THE OTHER CELLS WHICH LINE THE SOMBER CORRIDORS OF STONE...



THE SHOUTS SUDDENLY CEASE -- STIFLED BY THE QUICK HAND OF FEAR, AND IN THE ENSUING SILENCE, I CAN DETECT THE FAINT APPROACH OF FOOTSTEPS...



"IN THE DREAM, I SEEM TO *KNOW* WHO IS COMING DOWN THE CORRIDOR.. MY MIND DWELLS ON THE MENACING VISION OF A MYSTERIOUS HOODED FIGURE--MAKING ITS WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS--*TOWARD MY CELL*...

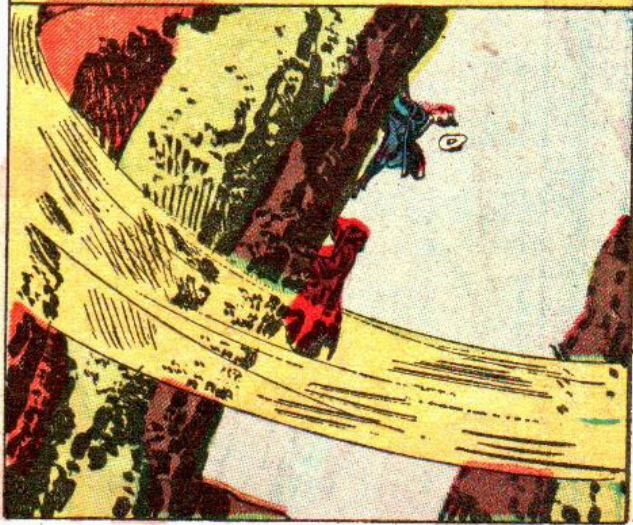


AT THIS POINT, I HEAR THE VOICE OF MY HUSBAND REACHING ME FROM THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF. BUT IN MANY OF THESE RECURRING DREAMS, HIS SHOUTS ARE JOINED BY THOSE OF MY MOTHER WHO HAD PASSED AWAY.

DON'T WORRY!
WE'RE COMING
TO GET YOU OUT
OF THERE!



THEY ARE TRYING TO CLIMB THE SHEER WALLS OF THE CLIFF TO EFFECT MY RESCUE!



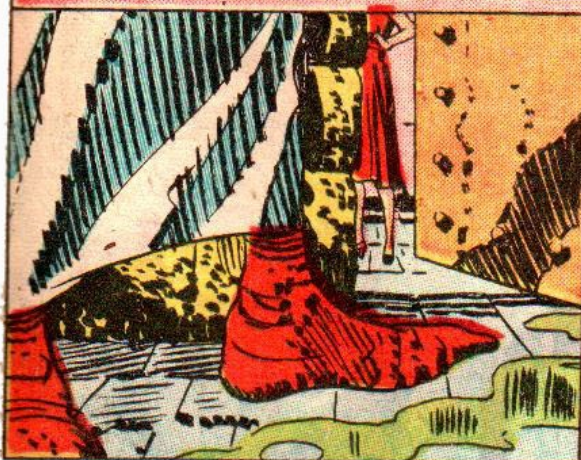
I FEEL THE SURGE OF HOPE AND RUSH TO THE LITTLE WINDOW IN THE STONE CELL! I CAN'T LOOK OUT... BUT, I BESEECH THEM TO HURRY!



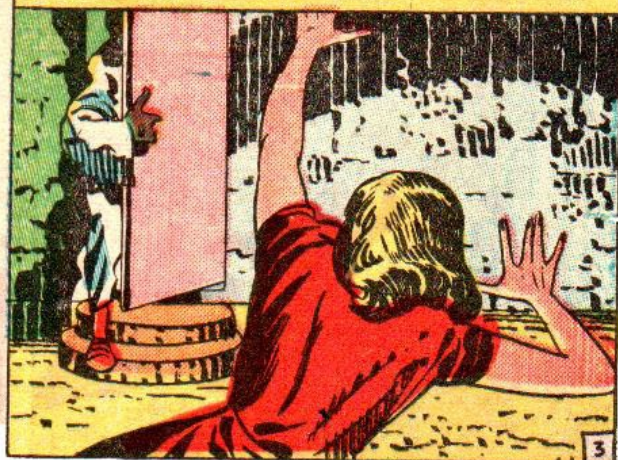
IN THE DARK CORRIDORS BEYOND THE STONE WALLS OF MY PRISON, THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS GROW MORE PRONOUNCED, DRAWING CLOSER -- CLOSER...

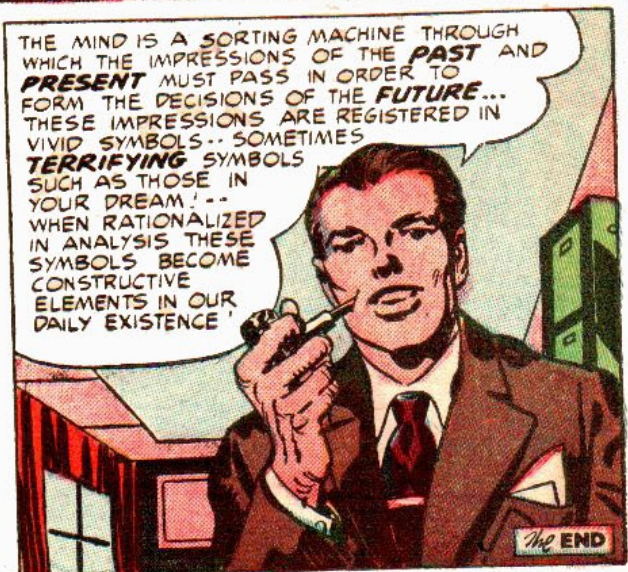
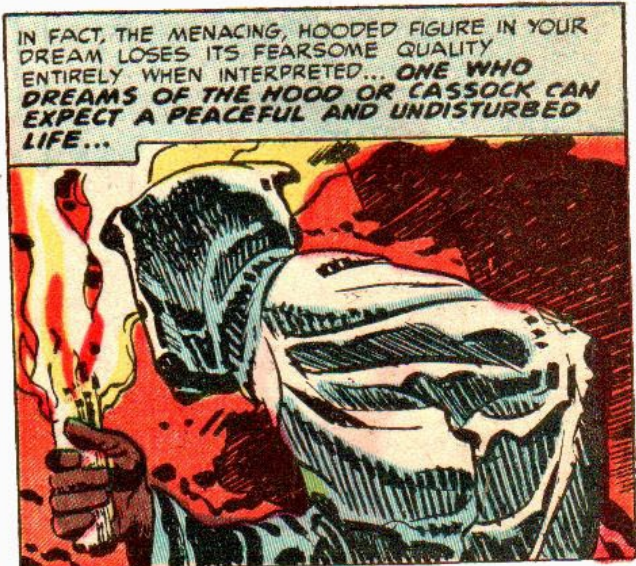
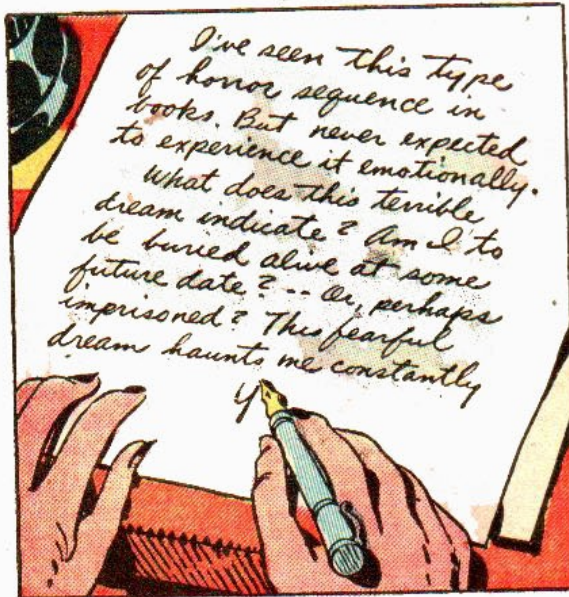


PRECIOUS SECONDS ARE RUNNING OUT... I AM AT THE THRESHOLD OF RESCUE FROM THE TERRIBLE, NAMELESS DANGER WHICH IS ALMOST UPON ME... THE FOOTSTEPS HAVE STOPPED OUTSIDE MY CELL DOOR...



THE TENSION MOUNTS TO AN IMPOSSIBLE DEGREE, AND IT BECOMES A GIANT, EMOTIONAL SHOCK WAVE WHICH SWEEPS ME BACK TO REALITY. I AWAKE FROM THESE DREAMS, WITH THE TERROR OF THEM LINGERING INSIDE ME.





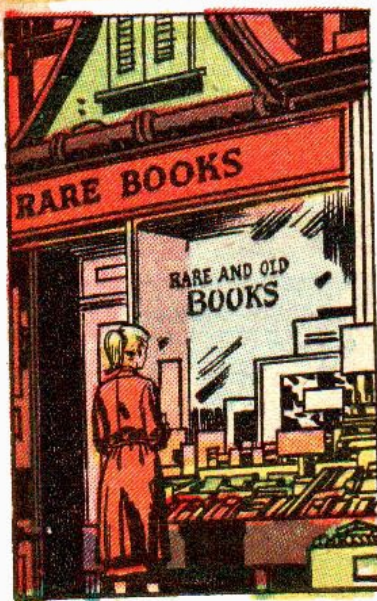
ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE
BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*



THE CASES IN RICHARD TEMPLE'S FILES
ARE IN THEMSELVES A COLLECTION OF
DREAM LORE GATHERED FROM **EVERY**
POINT OF THE GLOBE... SOME ARE
WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS... OTHERS
CALM AND PEACEFUL... THEY ARE THE
REFLECTIONS OF CRIMINAL MINDS,
THE CUNNING CONNIVANCES OF THE
GREEDY... MISTER TEMPLE LIKES
MOST TO TELL OF HIS CHANCE
MEETING WITH **EDITH BECK**...
WHOSE DREAMS BORE NO
RELATION TO ANY OF THESE...



MAY I HELP YOU, MISS?
WE HAVE BOOKS OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION--
THE LATEST NOVELS--
PRICELESS FIRST
PRINTINGS--BARGAINS,
ALL OF THEM...

I-I'LL
JUST
BROWSE
AROUND,
IF IT'S
ALL
RIGHT...



AH--I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN--
A TENDER
LOVE STORY--
ROMEO AND
JULIET--OR
SOMETHING UP
TO DATE...

NO--NOTHING
LIKE THAT--I--
THINK I SEE
WHAT I WANT!





OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS... I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE REACHING FOR THE SAME BOOK! HERE, YOU TAKE IT...

NO... NO, YOU WERE HERE FIRST... BESIDES... THAT ISN'T THE BOOK I WAS SEEKING!



IT'S NOT EASY TO MISTAKE A BOOK WITH A TITLE LIKE THIS! WHY DON'T YOU GLANCE THROUGH IT! YOU MAY FIND A PASSAGE THAT WILL SET YOUR MIND AT EASE... IF YOU'VE HAD A TROUBLE-SOME DREAM!

IT'S SILLY! I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT SORT OF THING...



THE SLEEPING MIND DOES NOT WEAVE TALES OF FICTION, MISS! THE EVENTS OF YOUR WAKING HOURS, PAST OR PRESENT, FORM THE BASIS FOR EVERY INCIDENT, EVERY SEQUENCE WHICH MAKE UP THE PATTERNS OF OUR DREAMS!

YOU SEEM TO KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT IT... I'LL TELL YOU MY DREAM! SEE WHAT YOU AND YOUR BOOK CAN MAKE OF IT...

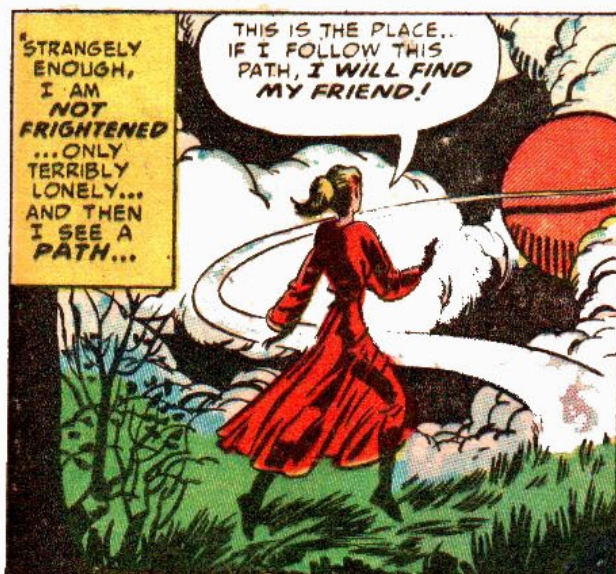


"MY NAME IS **EDITH BECK**," THE GIRL BEGAN, "IN MY DREAM I FIND MYSELF ROAMING THROUGH A **STRANGE AND FEARSOME FOREST**, WHERE THE TREES ARE AWESOME MONSTERS WITH **GROPPING TENACLES** THAT SEEM TO CLAW AT ME..."



STRANGELY ENOUGH, I AM NOT FRIGHTENED... ONLY TERRIBLY LONELY... AND THEN I SEE A PATH...

THIS IS THE PLACE... IF I FOLLOW THIS PATH, I WILL FIND MY FRIEND!



OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN... BUT THERE ARE NO TREES HERE... I MUST PLANT ONE!



WHA... WHAT'S THAT? A LION...
A LION... HE
SEES ME!



I RUN FROM THE LION BUT I DO NOT SEEM TO
MOVE... I GROW DESPERATE...

HE'S **GAINING** ON ME... I... CAN'T
RUN ANY FARTHER... I MUST
STAND MY GROUND
AND FRIGHTEN
HIM AWAY...



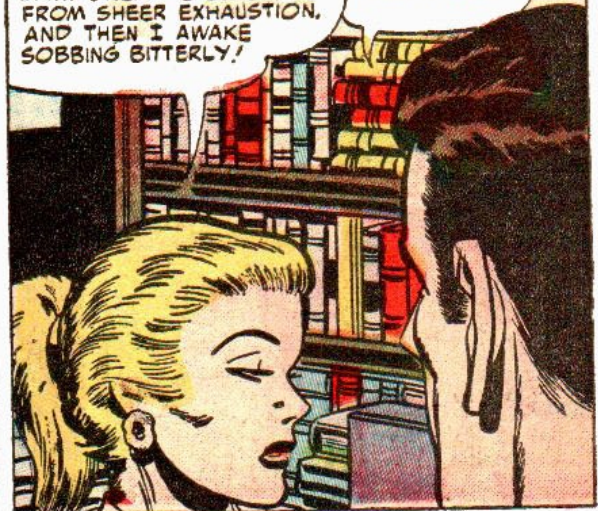
I PICK UP A TREE BRANCH AND FLAIL WITH ALL MY
STRENGTH AT THE BEAST, DRIVING HIM AWAY!

I TOLD YOU...
I TOLD YOU...



IN MY DREAM I COLLAPSE
FROM SHEER EXHAUSTION,
AND THEN I AWAKE
SOBBING BITTERLY!

THAT'S ALL?



THAT'S
ALL! WHAT
DO YOU
MAKE
OF IT?

SEVERAL THINGS FROM
YOUR DREAM, I GUESS
THAT YOU ARE IN LOVE
WITH A YOUNG MAN
**WHO IS SOCIALLY
ABOVE YOUR STATION
IN LIFE...**



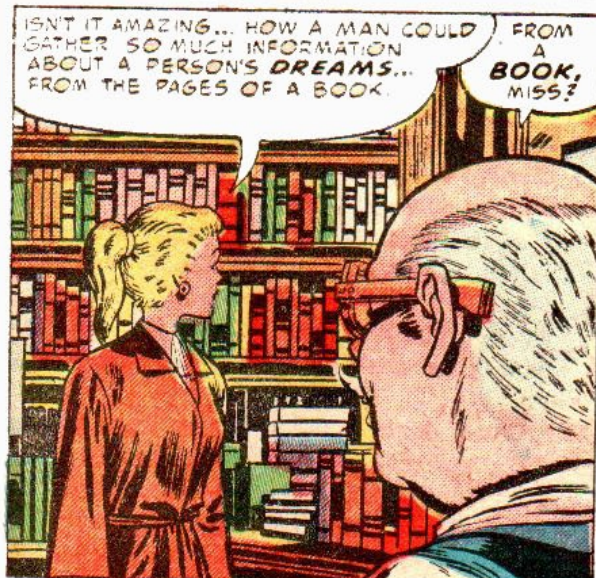
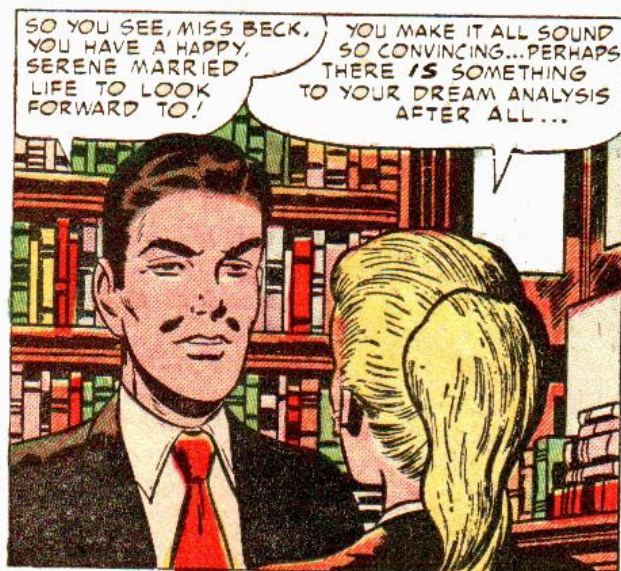
FOR THAT REASON, YOU DOUBT
HIS LOVE FOR YOU... YOU ARE
UNDER A **CONSTANT FEAR**
THAT AT THE
LAST MINUTE
HE WILL JILT
YOU... THAT
HE IS NOT
REALLY IN
LOVE WITH
YOU!

WHY, THAT'S
UNCANNY...
HOW DID YOU
GATHER ALL
THAT... THAT
INFORMATION
FROM SO WILD
AND JUMBLED
A DREAM?



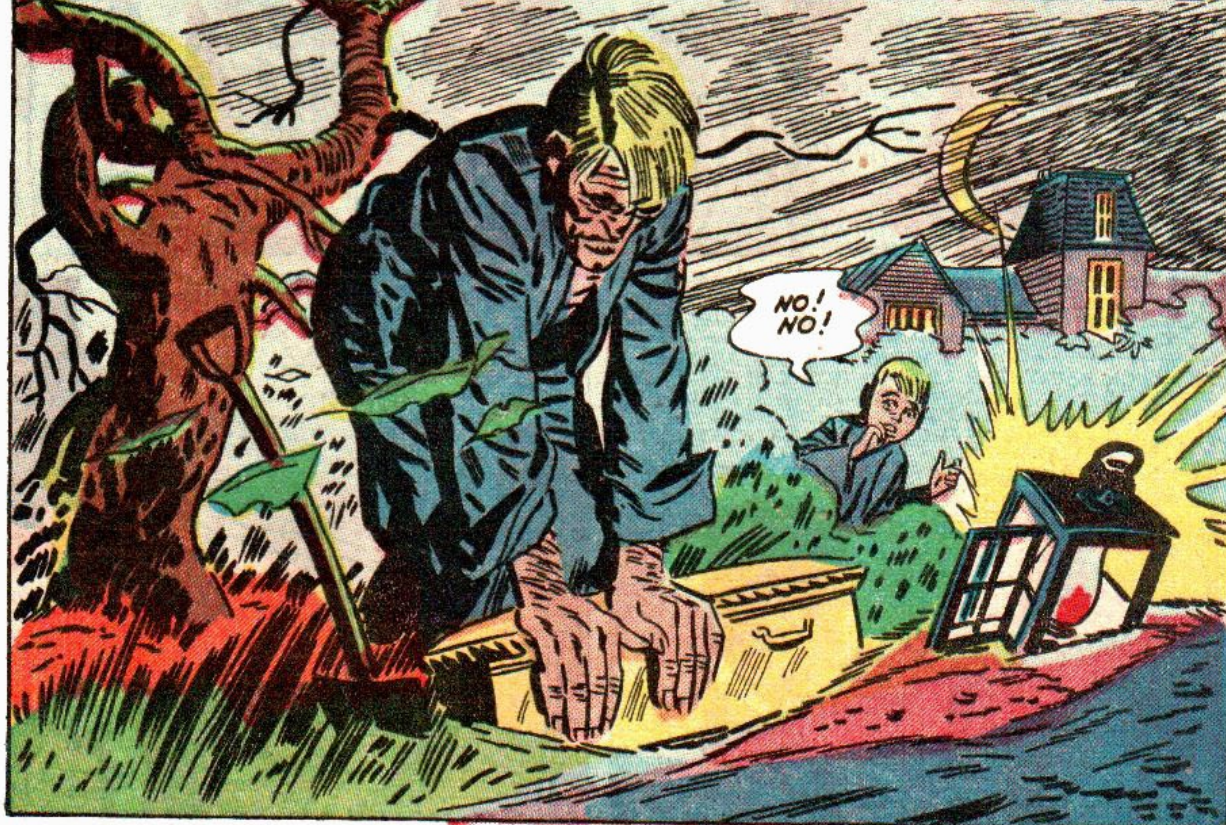
THE OMENS ARE ALL THERE...
THE LION, THE TREES AND
THE WILD FLOWERS... EACH
HAS A MEANING AND PIECED
TOGETHER FORM A
PATTERN
OF YOUR
FUTURE...





Somewhere in the darkest recesses of Walter Driscoll's mind there lurked a secret. A Secret so terrible that he had convinced himself it did not exist. But it did exist - - To torment him, to drive him at last to the

EDGE of MADNESS!



ACTUALLY, THE CASE OF WALTER DRISCOLL WAS PURE ACCIDENT. WALTER DRISCOLL NEVER CAME TO MY OFFICE. I MET HIM DURING ONE OF MY INFREQUENT VACATIONS. A FISHING TRIP WHICH I TOOK WITH AN OLD FRIEND, ED SAWYER. ED NEVER HAS FULLY ADJUSTED HIMSELF TO MY FINDINGS.

I TELL YOU, ED, DREAMS ARE NOT JUST VAGUE, CHAOTIC RAMBLINGS OF THE MIND! EVERY CASE I'VE EVER HANDLED, EVERY DREAM I'VE EVER ANALYZED, HAS HAD A **BASIS IN SOLID FACT!**

OF COURSE! LIKE CHEESE AND LOBSTER BEFORE GOING TO BED! COME ON, DICK. GRANTED THAT DREAMS ARE BASED ON FACT YOU MUST ADMIT THAT THIS STUDY OF YOURS DOES HAVE **BLIND ALLEYS!**



SOME, YES. BUT, BLIND ONLY BECAUSE THE KEY IS MISSING. LET ME ONCE FIND THAT KEY AND I'LL FIND THE BASIS FOR ANY DREAM--OR MY NAME ISN'T **RICHARD TEMPLE!**



IT WAS WHEN HE HEARD MY NAME, THAT THE MAN APPROACHED US, A MAN WHOSE EYES SMOLDERED WITH THE FIRES OF INNER PAIN.

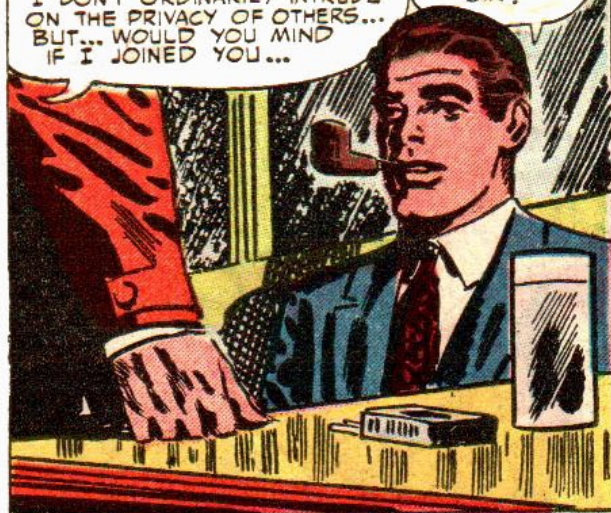
FORGIVE ME, MR. TEMPLE! I'M AFRAID I... I'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING! I... I COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING ABOUT... THE KEY TO DREAMS...

I STAND FIRMLY ON THAT STATEMENT, MISTER... ER...



OH, SORRY... THE NAME IS DRISCOLL! WALTER DRISCOLL! I DON'T ORDINARILY INTRUDE ON THE PRIVACY OF OTHERS... BUT... WOULD YOU MIND IF I JOINED YOU...

IT'S MY PLEASURE, SIR!



THERE WAS THE DARK PALL OF FEAR IN THE MAN'S SHIFTY RESTLESSNESS! WHATEVER HE WAS READY TO DIVULGE HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN PLAGUING HIM TO THE BREAKING POINT!

I... I KNOW THIS WILL SEEM ODD TO YOU AND YOUR FRIEND, MR. TEMPLE. PERHAPS I... I SHOULD HAVE SEEN YOU AT YOUR OFFICE! BUT... I WOULD NEVER HAVE HAD THE COURAGE! PLEASE... UNDERSTAND...

IF YOU BELIEVE I CAN HELP YOU, WHY PLEASE CONSIDER ME AT YOUR SERVICE!



YOU CAN HELP ME! I NEED HELP, MR. TEMPLE! THAT'S WHY I ACTED ON MY IMPULSE TO SPEAK TO YOU! LOOK AT ME, MR. TEMPLE! I'M A MAN WHO HAS LIVED WITH A HORRID DREAM FOR THIRTY YEARS...



IT WAS WHEN THE THREE OF US WERE SEATED IN MY COMPARTMENT THAT DRISCOLL SEEMED TO RELAX... AT EASE TO BEGIN HIS NARRATIVE!

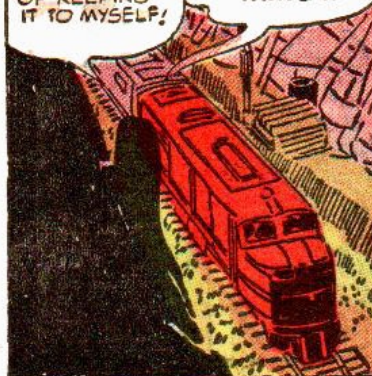
MAY I... TELL YOU MY DREAM, MR. TEMPLE?

THE DECISION RESTS WITH YOU, SIR! MY JOB IS TO LISTEN AND ANALYZE! I PROMISE NOTHING BEYOND THAT!



FAIR ENOUGH! YOUR FRIEND, MISTER SAWYER MAY STAY IF HE LIKES! I DON'T MIND IF THE ENTIRE WORLD HEARS THIS! I'M TIRED OF KEEPING IT TO MYSELF!

VERY WELL! JUST BEGIN, MISTER DRISCOLL! YOU NEEDN'T ADDRESS EITHER OF US! JUST SPEAK YOUR MIND...



IT BEGAN LONG AGO! SO LONG AGO THAT WALTER DRISCOLL WAS NOT CERTAIN OF JUST WHEN IT STARTED! BUT ALWAYS THE DREAM BEGAN IN THE SAME WAY... WITH DRISCOLL, AS A YOUNG, FRIGHTENED BOY!

THEY MUSTN'T... THEY MUSTN'T...



ALWAYS THERE WERE THOSE WORDS! THEY MUSTN'T! THE WORDS AND THE HUGE STAIRS! ALWAYS WALTER DRISCOLL TRIED TO RUN UP THOSE STAIRS! AND, ALWAYS, HIS PROGRESS WAS SLOW... AGONIZINGLY SLOW!



LET ME IN!
OH, PLEASE.
PLEASE
LET ME
IN!

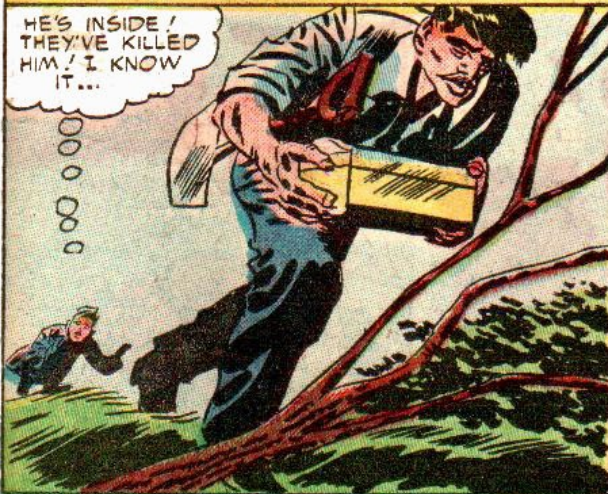
NO CHILD!
GO AWAY! STOP
THAT NOISE!



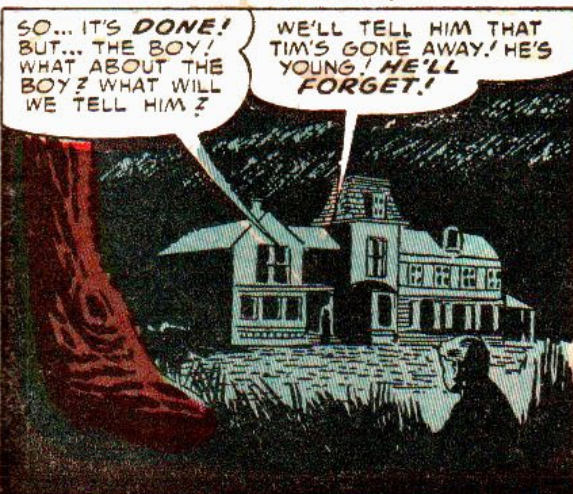
EVERYTHING SEEMED HUGE AND DARK, AND TINY WALTER DRISCOLL CREEPT BACK DOWN THOSE TREMENDOUS STAIRS, HUDDLED IN A CORNER WHERE GRIM SHADOWS DANCED... AND, THEN, THERE WERE FOOTSTEPS...



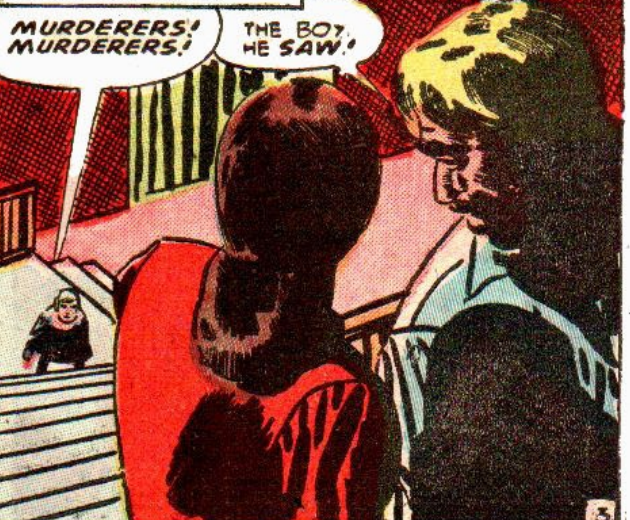
FOOTSTEPS... AND A MAN CARRYING SOMETHING... A CHEST...OR COFFER! THE TERRIFIED BOY FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF THE TRUDGING GIANT!



A SMALL BOY IN A WORLD OF TERROR! WATCHING A COFFIN BEING BURIED! AND, THEN CREEPING AFTER A MAN TO A HOUSE OF MANY GABLES THAT LEERED IN THE DARKNESS!



THEN...HATRED! HATRED THAT BANISHED FEAR AND FIRED THE SOUL!



THE MAN'S EYES WERE TERRIBLE IN THE DARKNESS, BUT THE BOY ANGRILY SURGED UP THOSE GREAT STAIRS... AND LOST HIS BALANCE...



YOU'LL PAY FOR IT! OH! I... I'M FALLING!

WALTER!

ALWAYS, THERE WAS A BREAK IN THE DREAM, AN AWAKENING WITHIN THE WORLD OF SLEEP... WHEN THE BOY WOULD ENCOUNTER A NEW SHOCK...



IT'S YOU TWO! I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU! GO AWAY! GO AWAY!



WALTER, IT'S DAD AND MOTHER! WHAT'S WRONG?

HERE, LET ME TRY TO CALM HIM, MRS. DRISCOLL! HE'S ALL RIGHT! JUST A BIT STUNNED! THAT WAS A NASTY FALL!



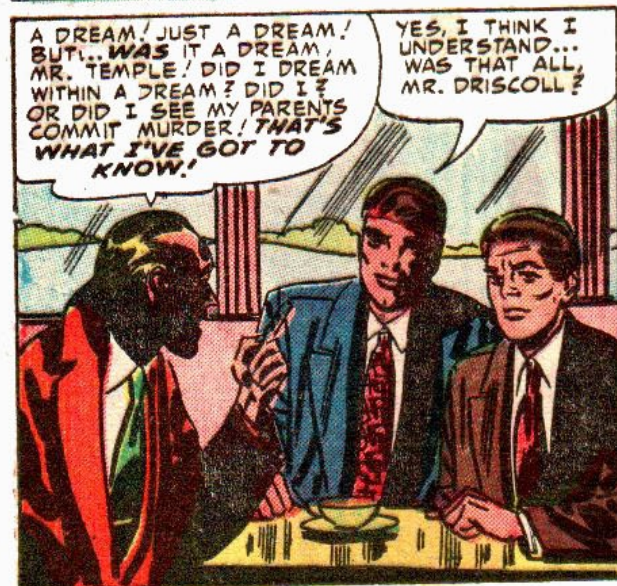
THERE, THERE! NOW YOU QUIET DOWN, YOUNG FELLOW! YOU'VE HAD AN ACCIDENT, AND PROBABLY A BAD DREAM TO GO WITH IT!

NO! IT WASN'T A DREAM! THEY KILLED HIM! THEY KILLED HIM!

WALTER! THAT WILL BE ENOUGH!

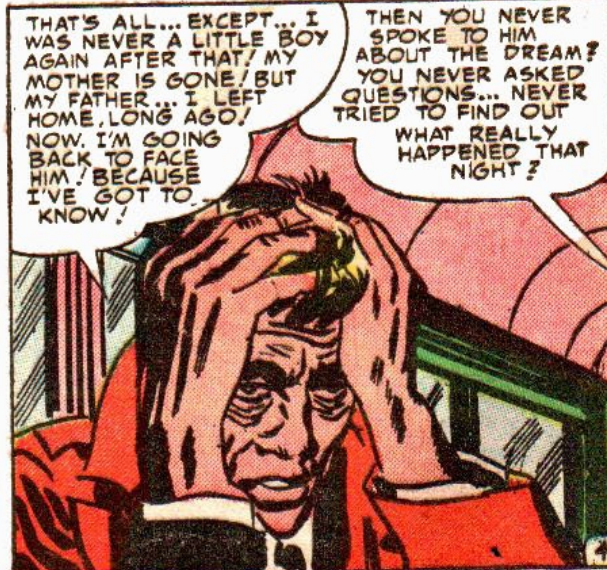


NOW, WALTER! YOU HAD A DREAM! JUST... A DREAM! REMEMBER THAT! YOU'VE GOT TO REMEMBER... IT WAS JUST... A DREAM!



A DREAM! JUST A DREAM! BUT... WAS IT A DREAM, MR. TEMPLE! DID I DREAM WITHIN A DREAM? DID I? OR DID I SEE MY PARENTS COMMIT MURDER! THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

YES, I THINK I UNDERSTAND... WAS THAT ALL, MR. DRISCOLL?



THAT'S ALL... EXCEPT... I WAS NEVER A LITTLE BOY AGAIN AFTER THAT! MY MOTHER IS GONE! BUT MY FATHER... I LEFT HOME LONG AGO! NOW, I'M GOING BACK TO FACE HIM! BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO KNOW!

THEN YOU NEVER SPOKE TO HIM ABOUT THE DREAM? YOU NEVER ASKED QUESTIONS... NEVER TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED THAT NIGHT?

HOW COULD I? HOW COULD I ASK MY FATHER... IF HE WAS A MURDERER! I'M NOT SURE IT *WASN'T* A DREAM? I TRIED TO FORGET! BUT IT COMES BACK! EVERY NIGHT! IT'S GOT TO STOP! IT'S GOT TO!



DURING THE NEXT HOUR WALTER DRISCOLL ANSWERED QUESTIONS! HIS ANSWERS WERE SOMETIMES CONFUSED, BUT OUT OF ALL THE UNCERTAINTIES, SOME FACTS DID EMERGE! THEY WERE AS FOLLOWS!

ALWAYS, IN THE DREAM, DRISCOLL WAS A SMALL BOY!



THE DOOR WHICH HAD SHUT DRISCOLL AWAY FROM HIS PARENTS!

THE HOUSE, OLD FASHIONED, OUT-DATED!



THE COFFIN... CONTAINING THE BODY OF WHOM DRISCOLL, IN HIS DREAM, HAD CALLED "TIM"!

A BRIEF STUDY OF THESE CLUES PRODUCED TWO SALIENT POINTS! THE TIME... THE YEAR, IN WHICH THE DREAM HAD BEGUN... **AND THE NAME TIM!**



TELL ME, MR. DRISCOLL... WHO WAS TIM?

I DON'T KNOW! ONLY THAT HE WAS A FRIEND, OR A CLOSE RELATIVE! SOMEONE I LOVED DEARLY! SOMEONE... I... I CAN'T REMEMBER...



WELL, WE SEEM TO HAVE ARRIVED AT OUR STATION!

YES! VERY WELL, MR. DRISCOLL! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME DIGEST THE FACTS! MEANWHILE, I'D SAY **NOTHING** TO YOUR FATHER IF I WERE YOU! YOU'LL BE STAYING WITH HIM, I PRESUME?

YES! I'LL WRITE OUT THE ADDRESS FOR YOU! DAD HAS LIVED IN TOWN EVER SINCE... I LEFT HOME! YOU CAN REACH ME AT **HIS** PLACE!



WELL! THERE'S A POSER FOR YOU, MR. STUDENT OF DREAMS! YOU SAY ALL DREAMS ARE BASED ON FACT... AND HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHICH PART OF HIS DREAM IS **FACT** AND WHICH IS **DREAM!**

DRISCOLL IS A VERY UNHAPPY MAN, ED... A DANGEROUSLY UNHAPPY MAN! DANGEROUS **BECAUSE** THE DREAM AND THE FACTS ARE CONFUSED! I PROPOSE TO CLEAR IT UP FOR HIM!



BUT... **HOW?** YOU HAVE NOTHING TO GO ON! ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!

ON THE CONTRARY, I HAVE A GREAT DEAL! I'M AFRAID OUR FISHING TRIP WILL HAVE TO WAIT, ED! I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO! A JOB THAT MAY MEAN **SAVING** A MAN'S PEACE OF MIND!

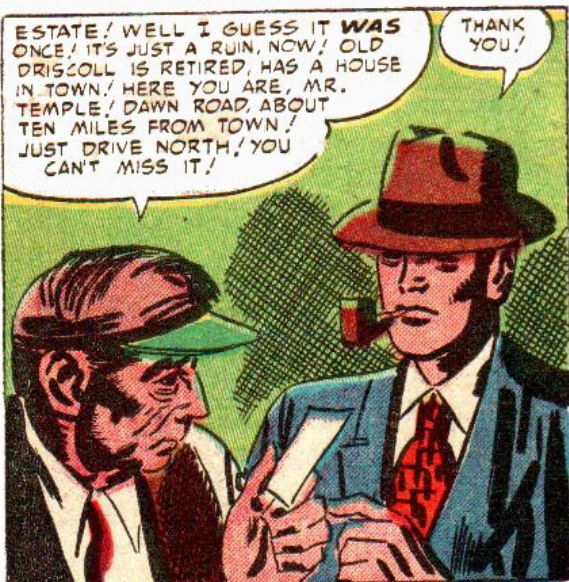
PERHAPS THE STRONGEST SINGLE ITEM ABOUT WALTER DRISCOLL'S NARRATIVE HAD BEEN THE STRESS ON **TIME!** TIME AND A HOUSE HE HAD SEEMED INTIMATELY FAMILIAR WITH... THAT, IN THIS CASE, WAS THE KEY!



AH... HERE WE ARE! 1919! AARON DRISCOLL, DECEASED OWNER... FUNNY, I NEVER KNEW OLD DRISCOLL OWNED THAT PROPERTY... BUT, THEN, I WASN'T THE TOWN RECORDS CLERK AWAY BACK THEN!

PROPERTY? WHAT PROPERTY?

A HOUSE, ED! A HOUSE THAT PROBABLY SITS IN THE MIDST OF QUITE AN ESTATE!



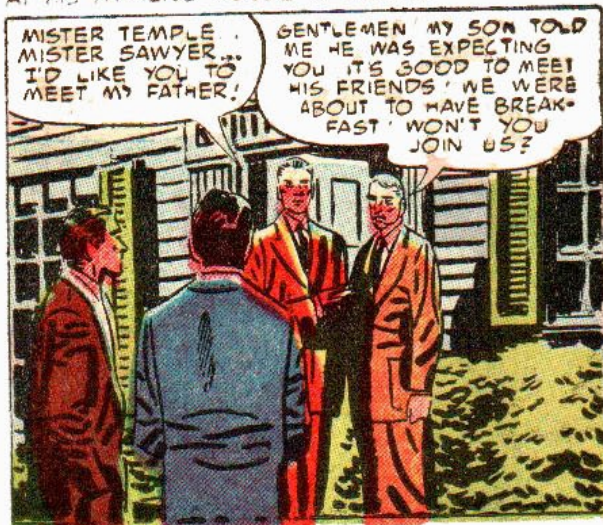
THIS HOUSE, IF IT WAS THE HOUSE, WAS THE KEY TO WALTER DRISCOLL'S DILEMMA! A HOUSE HE REMEMBERED... AND, YET, DID NOT REMEMBER! IT SAT DESERTED, HALF-WRECKED, AND IN AN ISLAND OF WEEDS...

WHEW! QUITE A SPOT! IT'S A PLACE FOR DREAMS ALL RIGHT! FOR NIGHTMARES! REALLY, RICHARD! IT'S ALMOST DARK! COULDN'T WE HAVE WAITED UNTIL MORNING?

WITH DRISCOLL IN THE STATE HE'S IN? ED! LOOK! THE TREE! THE TREE UNDER WHICH DRISCOLL SAID HIS FATHER BURIED THE COFFIN!



WE HAD THE ANSWER... THE KEY... TO DRISCOLL'S PROBLEM. OUR NEXT MOVE WAS TO SEE DRISCOLL AT HIS FATHER'S HOUSE IN TOWN!



WALTER DRISCOLL HAD NOT ASKED HIS FATHER THE QUESTION WHICH HAD TORMENTED HIM FOR SO LONG! THAT MUCH WAS OBVIOUS!





IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL EXCUSE ME... I...

WALTER!

I'LL GO AFTER HIM, RICHARD! YOU AND HIS FATHER CAN TALK THIS OVER!



SIT DOWN, MR. DRISCOLL! YOU LOOK ILL!

WALTER HASN'T CHANGED! I HAVEN'T HAD A LETTER FROM HIM SINCE HE LEFT HOME TWENTY YEARS AGO! NOW HE'S BACK... WITH HIS SULLEN FACE... AND THE SILENT HATRED OF HIS YOUTH!



WHY DOES HE HATE ME... HIS OWN FATHER! YOU'RE HIS FRIEND! PERHAPS HE'S TOLD YOU...

WALTER HAS... IN A WAY! HIS VERSION WAS CONFUSED AND I KNOW WHY! CARE TO LISTEN, MISTER DRISCOLL?

THERE WERE MANY THINGS IN AARON DRISCOLL'S FACE AS WE TALKED! HORROR, PITY, SORROW! BUT THERE WAS STRENGTH IN HIM! AFTERWARD, HE CALLED HIS SON... AND WE WENT OUTSIDE!



BUT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHY DID YOU WANT US ALL TO COME OUT HERE? WHAT'S THAT'S?

BONES, DRISCOLL! BONES I DUG UP ON THE GROUNDS OF AN OLD RUINED MANSION! FROM A SHALLOW GRAVE UNDER A TREE!

THE GROUNDS OF THE MANSION WHERE YOU WERE BORN!



ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY... THAT WHAT I TOLD YOU... WASN'T A DREAM?

IT WASN'T A DREAM. AS A LITTLE BOY YOU FORCED YOURSELF TO BELIEVE IT WAS... BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T FACE THE FACT THAT YOUR DOG "TIM" WAS DEAD! IT WAS THE DOG YOU SAW BURIED THAT NIGHT!



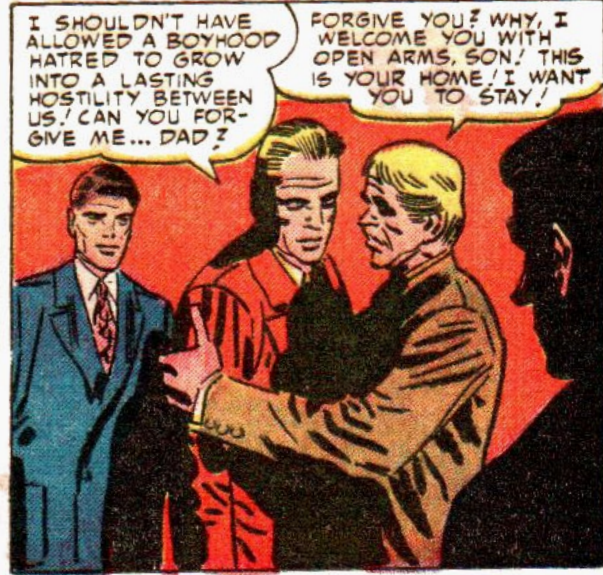
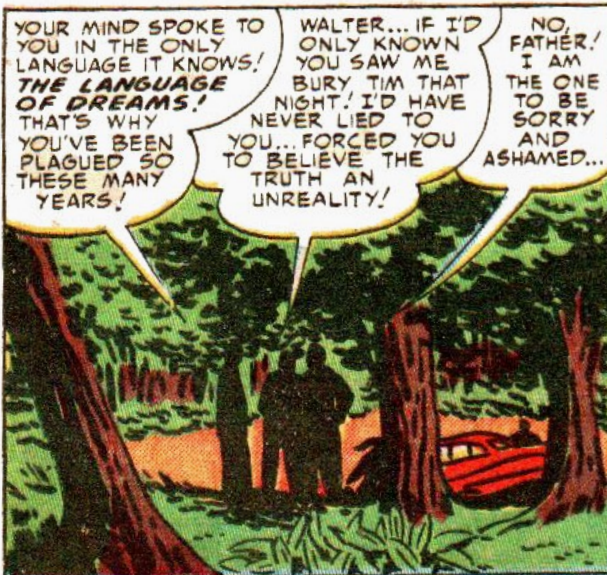
TIM... TIM! YES... I REMEMBER! ONE OF THE CARRIAGE HORSES... TRAMPLED HIM! WHEN... WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG!

VERY YOUNG, WALTER! SO YOUNG THAT WHEN I HAD TO SHOOT TIM TO PUT HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY, I LACKED THE COURAGE TO TELL YOU... IN FEAR IT MIGHT HURT YOU!



BUT IT WAS ONLY A MERE CHILDHOOD INCIDENT! WHY SHOULD I BE HAUNTED BY THE MEMORY OF IT ALL THESE YEARS!

BECAUSE YOU GREW UP... STILL BELIEVING IT WAS A DREAM... BUT YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND KNEW DIFFERENT AND TOLD YOU SO!



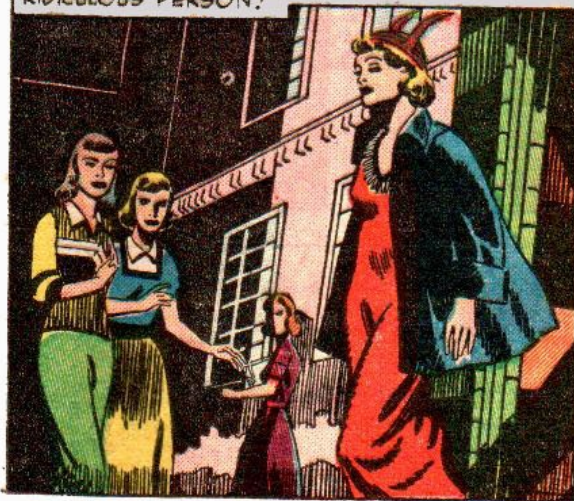
You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

A STUDENT AT ONE OF OUR UNIVERSITIES, **PATRICIA S.** HAS ASKED ME TO ANALYZE HER DREAM! MISS S. IS A SENIOR AND FROM WHAT SHE HAS TOLD ME IN HER LETTER, QUITE ATTRACTIVE! IN FACT, SHE MADE THAT POINT QUITE **POSITIVE!** AS A RESULT, ANALYSIS OF HER DREAM BECOMES ALMOST ACADEMIC...

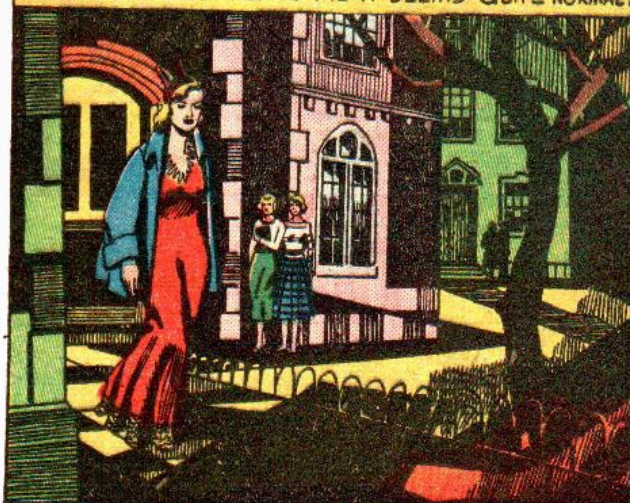


"ACTUALLY" WRITES MISS S. "MY DREAM IS SIMPLY RIDICULOUS! AND CERTAINLY I AM **NOT** A RIDICULOUS PERSON!"



"I HEAD FOR THE GYMNASIUM... WHERE THE INSTRUCTRESS GLARES AT ME..."

"A NIGHTGOWN, A COAT AND A HAT! THAT IS HOW I FIND MYSELF WALKING ACROSS THE CAMPUS! THE OTHER STUDENTS POINT AND LAUGH! YET TO ME IT SEEMS QUITE NORMAL!"



"I IGNORE HER... AND A MOMENT LATER..."

PATRICIA! COME DOWN! COME DOWN THIS INSTANT! M-HOW DARE YOU MAKE SUCH A SPECTACLE OF YOURSELF! COME DOWN AT ONCE, OR I'LL HAVE YOU **EXPELLED!**



ONLY THEN DO I REALIZE THAT I AM MAKING A SPECTACLE OF MYSELF! I CLIMB DOWN AND TRY TO EXPLAIN THAT I HAD BEEN LATE FOR GYM CLASS! THAT I HADN'T HAD TIME TO DRESS! BUT...

LIAR! LIAR!

LIAR!



"THAT'S HOW IT ENDS! JUST AS A MATTER OF CURIOSITY, MR. TEMPLE--DOES MY DREAM SYMBOLIZE ANYTHING?"



MOST EMPHATICALLY! TO PUT IT BLUNTLY, MISS S. IS A **SHOW-OFF!** SHE SHOWS OFF IN HER DREAM AND IN HER LETTER. SHE WANTS **ATTENTION** EVEN IF SHE HAS TO RESORT TO UNORTHODOX METHODS TO GET IT! LIKE APPEARING IN A PUBLIC PARTY UNDRESSED!




BUT APPARENTLY, SHE CANNOT STAND THE **CRITICISM** HER SHOW-OFF METHODS BRING DOWN UPON HER! IN THE END, SHE TRIES TO EXPLAIN, TO **APOLOGIZE!** MISS S. SHOULD KEEP AN OLD PROVERB IN MIND. **HE WHO WOULD BE AN ACTOR MUST BE PREPARED NOT ONLY FOR THE APPLAUSE, BUT FOR THE HISSES AS WELL!**

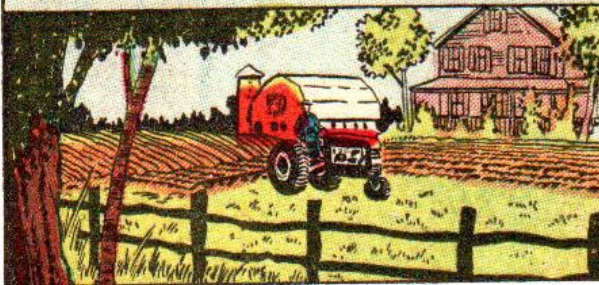



How the STARS Affect Your JOB


ARE YOU UNHAPPY IN YOUR PRESENT JOB? WOULD YOU LIKE TO IMPROVE YOURSELF? STUDY THESE SIGNS OF THE STARS-- THEY MAY GIVE YOU A VALUABLE CLUE IN DETERMINING YOUR TALENTS.


 **TAURUS** PEOPLE ARE GIFTED WITH A "GREEN THUMB" THE EXPRESSIVE TRADE TERM FOR AN INSTINCTIVE UNDERSTANDING OF **FARMING**. IF YOU WERE BORN IN THIS PERIOD YOU WILL MAKE AN ABLE GARDENER OR FLORIST-- A SUCCESSFUL BREEDER OF ANIMALS AND POULTRY.


APRIL 20-- MAY 20



 MAY 21-- JUNE 21 THE **GEMINI** PERSON WILL BE MOST SUCCESSFUL IN THE PUBLISHING, RADIO OR ADVERTISING FIELDS. A GEMINI IS WELL SUITED FOR **NEWSPAPER REPORTING**--





 JUNE 22-- JULY 22 **CANCER**-- YOU HAVE A SENSITIVE NATURE-- YOU WILL DO WELL AS AN ARTIST, POET, SCULPTOR-- ANY FIELD THAT WILL AFFORD AN OUTLET FOR YOUR **CREATIVE TALENTS**.



 JULY 23-- AUG. 23 **LEO**-- SHOW BUSINESS IS YOUR BEST BET! YOU HAVE A COLORFUL, DOMINANT PERSONALITY THAT WILL STAND YOU IN GOOD STEAD AS AN **ACTOR, AGENT OR PRODUCER!**



 SEPT. 24-- OCT. 23 **LIBRA** PEOPLE ARE BLESSED WITH GRACE AND CHARM. THEY BECOME BEAUTIFUL DANCERS AND FINE MUSICIANS. MANY **GREAT PAINTERS** WERE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF **LIBRA**.



 OCT. 24-- NOV. 22 **SCORPIO** PEOPLE HAVE A NATURAL INQUISITIVE NATURE, FITTING THEM WELL FOR A CAREER IN **SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY**. IF YOU WERE BORN IN THIS PERIOD YOU WILL DO WELL AS A **CHEMIST, ENGINEER, DOCTOR OR DENTIST**.



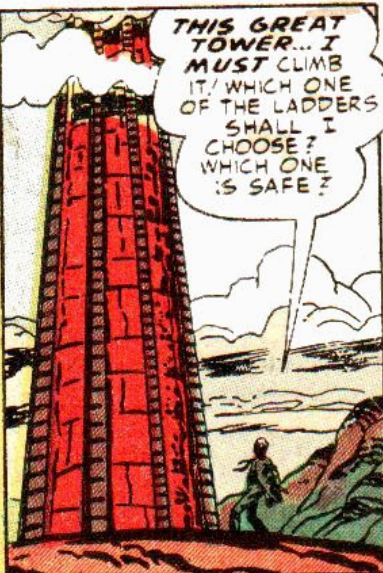
You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

THE DREAM WHICH FOLLOWS WAS SENT IN BY MR. THOMAS R. OF JOLIET, ILL. / IS THIS YOUR DREAM?



DEAR MR. TEMPLE, WRITES MR. R...
*LIKE EVERY OTHER SELF MADE MAN WHO'S MADE A SUCCESS OF BUSINESS, I'VE ALWAYS LIVED BY PRINCIPLES FOUNDED ON LOGIC... HOWEVER, I FIND MYSELF INTRIGUED BY A DREAM I HAD, IF THERE IS A HIDDEN LOGIC BEHIND THIS DREAM, I'D LIKE IT EXPLAINED! THE DREAM BEGAN IN THIS MANNER!



THIS GREAT TOWER... I MUST CLIMB IT! WHICH ONE OF THE LADDERS SHALL I CHOOSE? WHICH ONE IS SAFE?

THIS ONE! IT... OH!



ONE AFTER THE OTHER, I TRY THE LADDERS AND INVARIABLY THE BOTTOM RUNGS SNAP. I GROW FRANTIC! FOR SOMEHOW I KNOW THAT I MUST CLIMB, THAT I MUST REACH THAT GOLDEN SOMETHING HIGH ABOVE ME!

I'VE GOT TO FIND ONE THAT WILL HOLD ME! I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE TOP!



...AND AT LAST I DO FIND ONE! I BEGIN TO CLIMB. IT IS HARD. EACH UPWARD STEP IS A TORMENT. BUT I CLIMB HIGHER...

ALMOST... THERE! JUST... A LITTLE FURTHER!



THEN, REALIZATION STRIKES! THE LADDER DOES NOT TOUCH THE WALL OF THE TOWER! IT GOES STRAIGHT UP... INTO NOTHINGNESS! NOTHINGNESS ABOVE AND BELOW!



THE RUNGS! THEY... THEY'RE GONE!

THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO... ONLY UP!

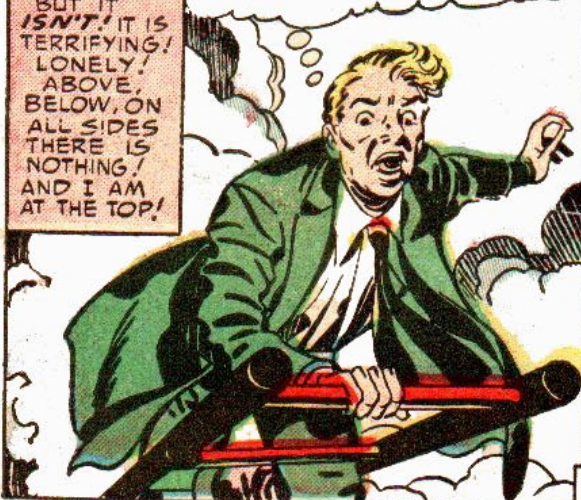


UP! UP! UP! UP! UP!



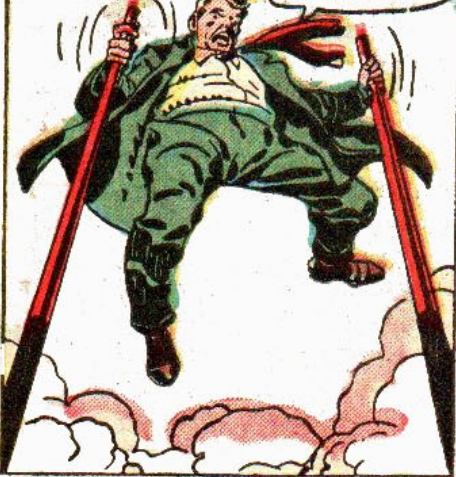
IT SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL UP THERE, BUT IT *ISN'T*! IT IS TERRIFYING! LONELY! ABOVE, BELOW, ON ALL SIDES THERE IS NOTHING! AND I AM AT THE TOP!

NO MORE RUNGS! NO MORE... AND THE LADDER... IT'S SWAYING!



IN A MOMENT I WILL FALL! I KNOW THAT AND I CLUTCH FRANTICALLY AT THE RUNGS! BUT THEY AREN'T THERE! THEY'RE GONE... AND THE LADDER SWAYS, DIVIDES...

NO! NO! I WON'T FALL! I WON'T!

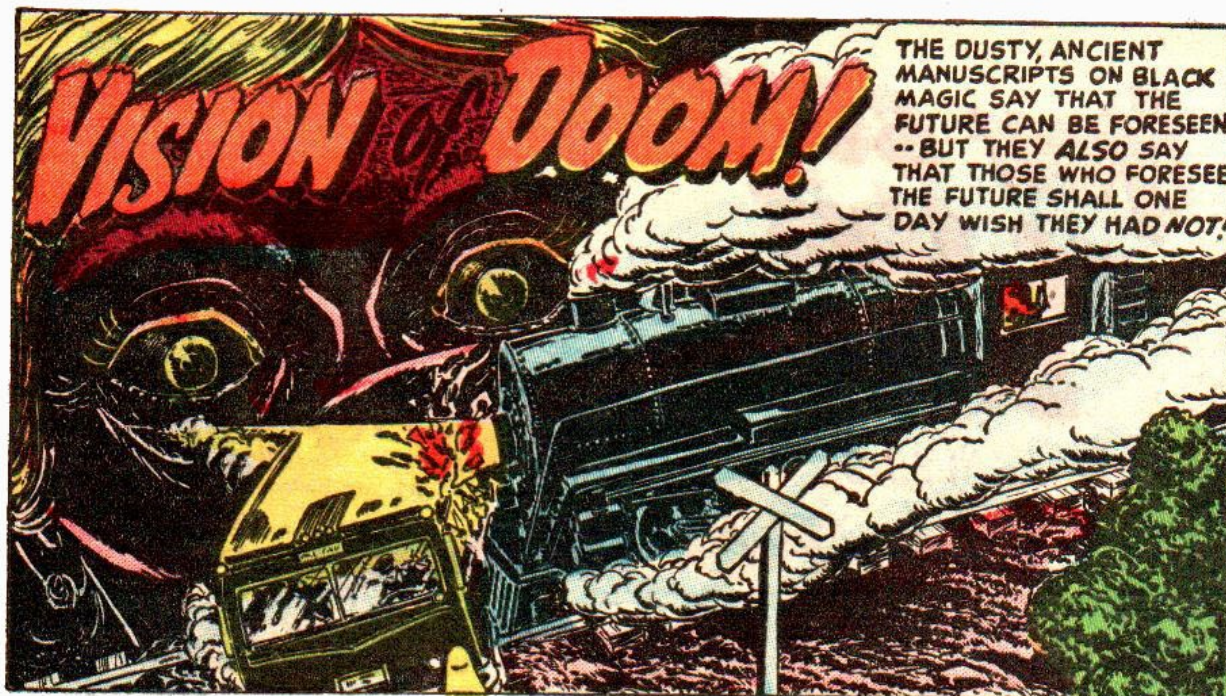


"BUT I AM FALLING! FASTER! FASTER! IN A MOMENT THERE WILL BE THE CRASH! THE FINAL OBLITERATION! I WAIT... AND I WAKE UP! MR. TEMPLE, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

MR. R. WRITES THAT DESPITE HIS HUMBLE BEGINNING, HE IS A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESSMAN... HE IS ATTEMPTING TO ACHIEVE *SOMETHING*... SECURITY, PROBABLY! HE CLIMBS AND AT THE TOP, THE LONELINESS FRIGHTENS HIM... HE LOSES HIS NERVE!

DESPITE YOUR SUCCESS, MR. R. YOU HAVE NOT ATTAINED CONFIDENCE IN YOUR ABILITIES! BANISH YOUR FEAR, AND YOU WILL BANISH YOUR DREAM!



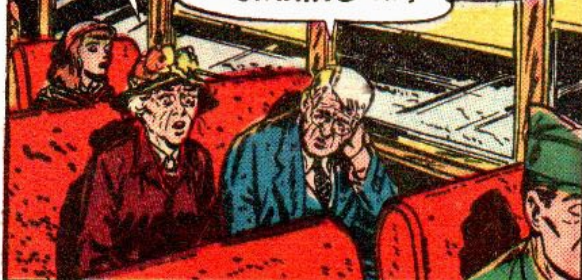


THE DUSTY, ANCIENT
MANUSCRIPTS ON BLACK
MAGIC SAY THAT THE
FUTURE CAN BE FORESEEN
-- BUT THEY ALSO SAY
THAT THOSE WHO FORESEE
THE FUTURE SHALL ONE
DAY WISH THEY HAD NOT!

THIS STORY IS TRUE! WE HAVE CHANGED ONLY
NAMES... FOR REASONS THAT YOU WILL UNDER-
STAND. IT BEGAN ABOARD AN INTERSTATE BUS
IN OCTOBER 1941...

NO...NO!

EH? WHAT? DID YOU
SAY SOME--HELEN! WHAT
IS IT? WHAT ARE YOU
STARING AT?



HELEN
LANG
SAT BOLT
UPRIGHT
HYPNOTIZED
BY A
HORROR
ONLY
SHE
COULD
SEE! HER
HUSBAND
SHOOK
HER,
FRIGHTENED
BY THE
GLASSY
BLANKNESS
OF HER
EYES, AND
SUDDENLY!

LET US OFF! WE'VE
GOT TO GET OFF THIS
BUS! IT'S GOING TO
BE STRUCK BY A TRAIN!
SOMETHING HAPPENED
TO ME! I SAW IT! I
SAW MYSELF LOOKING
AT THE BODIES!

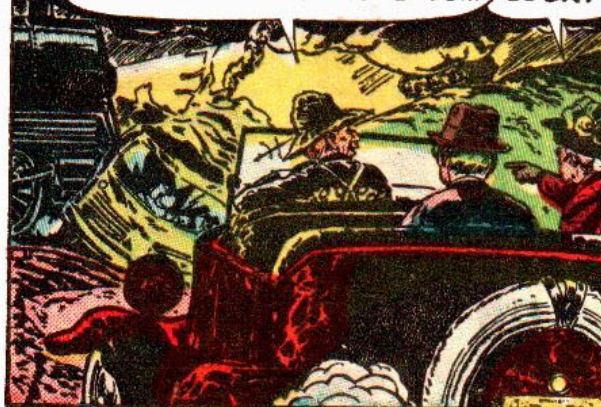
HELEN, COME
BACK YOU'RE
MYSTERICAL!
YOU HAD A
BAD DREAM,
THAT'S ALL!



BUT HELEN LANG WOULD NOT BE CONVINCED! TERRIFIED,
SHE INSISTED THAT THE DRIVER STOP THE BUS! SHE AND
HER HUSBAND GOT OFF, AND THE BUS WENT ON...

LUCKY THING I CAME ALONG AND GAVE
YOU FOLKS A HITCH! FUNNY PLACE TO
GET STRANDED! HOW COME YOU...

FRED!
LOOK!
LOOK!



TWENTY-
TWO
DEAD!
BUT
HELEN
LANG
AND
HER
HUSBAND
WERE
ALIVE!

I TRIED TO FLAG 'EM
DOWN! BUT THEY DIDN'T
SEE ME! IT HAPPENED
BECAUSE THE FLYER IS LATE!
SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO
PASS HERE A MINUTE
EARLIER!

NO..
NO...



ONE MINUTE!
JUST ABOUT
THE TIME
IT TOOK
HELEN
LANG TO
LEAVE
THAT
BUS! BUT
IF SHE
HAD NOT,
THERE
WOULD
HAVE BEEN
NO CRASH!
SO SHE
MUST
LIVE ON,
KNOWING
THAT
SHE
KILLED
TWENTY-
TWO
PEOPLE!

You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by
Richard Temple

HAVE YOU EVER DREAMED THAT YOU WERE A CHILD AGAIN? PROBABLY! MOST PEOPLE HAVE AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER! BUT, INTERPRETATION OF THIS DREAM VARIES WITH THE INDIVIDUAL! IN THIS CASE THE DREAMER WAS **JOHN W.** OF BOSTON! HE WRITES...



*NOT LONG AGO DURING A SIEGE OF ILLNESS, I HAD A DISTURBING DREAM! I AM A BACHELOR AND HAVE FEW FRIENDS... NONE OF WHOM CAN EXPLAIN IT! THIS IS HOW THE DREAM BEGAN!

JOHNNY! **JOHNNY**, YOU'RE AWAKE! NOW, YOU GET UP THIS MINUTE! YOU'LL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

GOSH... THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME... MOM...



EVEN, IN THE DREAM, I REALIZED THAT SHE'D BEEN **DEAD** THESE MANY YEARS... AND, SEEING HER AGAIN FILLED ME WITH A GLADNESS THAT IS HARD TO DISCIBE!

MOM... YOU'RE SO GOOD...



OH, TUSH! YOU GO AND **WASH BEHIND YOUR EARS** THIS MINUTE! BREAKFAST IS WAITING...

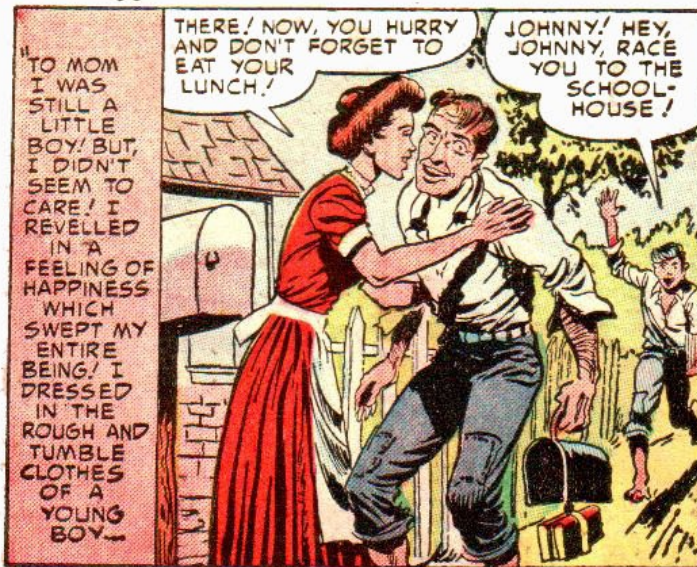
BUT, I'M **TOO BIG** FOR THAT STUFF!



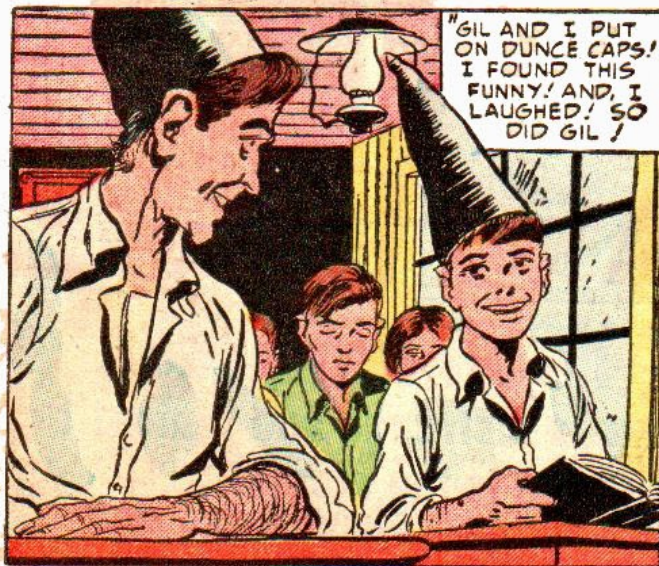
THERE! **SEE?**

NONSENSE! GET ON WITH IT... OR I'LL **PADDLE** YOU! WHAT WILL YOU YOUNGSTERS THINK OF NEXT?





"I WAS JOINED BY A YOUNG SCHOOL-MATE! I COULDN'T EXACTLY PLACE HIM! BUT I GREETED HIM AS I WOULD A CLOSE FRIEND! WE RACED DOWN THE ROAD TO SCHOOL!



SUDDENLY, THE SCENE CHANGED. I STOOD ALONE IN THE CRUMBLING RUINS OF MY BOYHOOD HOME-- THE DESOLATION AND DESPAIR LINGERED LONG AFTER I AWOKE...

IT'S ALL IN PIECES -- I CAN'T FIX IT--



SO, MR. W'S DREAM CLOSES WITH LONELINESS, EMPTINESS, HE WRITES THAT HE IS A BACHELOR, THAT HE HAS FEW FRIENDS -- AND HIS DREAM BEARS HIM OUT! MR. W. HAS REGRESSED -- TO FIND THE LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP HE DOES NOT HAVE AS AN ADULT. HE IS A LONELY MAN. BUT, INSTEAD OF SEEKING LOVE AND COMPANIONSHIP, IN THE PRESENT,



... HE ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE TO THE PAST -- **AND HE IS DRIVEN OUT!** YOU ARE A MATURE MAN PHYSICALLY MR. W. WHY NOT ATTEMPT TO GROW UP **EMOTIONALLY** AS WELL? EXPAND YOUR LIFE! FIND MORE FRIENDS -- PERHAPS SOMEONE TO LOVE -- AND THIS DREAM WILL NEVER RETURN AGAIN!



George Dumont entered the shadow world of dreams-- and saw a horror! Then he had to return to that world to save his own life! He had to relive his dream to face a killer and beg him:

SHOW YOUR FACE!

COME! COME CLOSER!
I KNOW THAT YOU WILL
KILL ME! BUT I MUST
SEE YOUR FACE!
I MUST!

Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

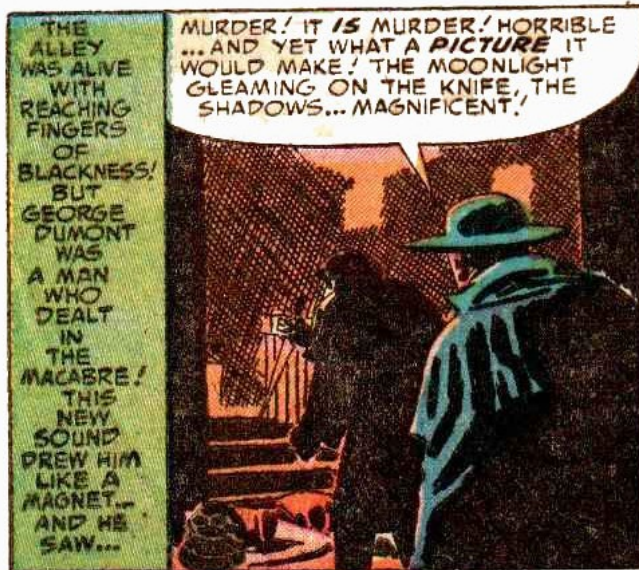
GEORGE DUMONT SAW IT HAPPEN-- IN HIS DREAM! ON A HOT HUMID NIGHT IN 1901 HE WALKED THE SHADOWED STREETS OF MONTMARTRE -- AND HE SAW THE KILLING! BUT FIRST HE HEARD THE SCREAMS!

PLEASE! IN THE NAME OF MERCY! DON'T!

IN THAT ALLEY--A WOMAN! AND SHE IS AFRAID! SO AFRAID THAT IT MAKES HER VOICE RASP LIKE A FILE ON A SLATE!

HE HEARD AND BECAUSE HE WAS AN ARTIST AND A MAN OF MORBID MOODS HE SAVORED THE NOTE OF FEAR THAT HUNG ON THE HUMID NIGHT--UNTIL THAT NOTE CHANGED TO A SHRIEK OF AGONY!

NO-000!





THE STAIRS WERE TO THE LEFT! PERFECT... I REMEMBER IT PERFECTLY!

BAH! ALL ARTISTS ARE INSANE! WHY ELSE WOULD THEY BE ARTISTS! I AM GRATEFUL THAT I AM A WRITER, I STARVE, BUT AT LEAST I DO NOT DREAM!

TO A DEGREE, EMILE LESCAR WAS CORRECT! FOR THIS WAS THE MADNESS OF MEN WHO STRIVE TO CREATE THE FEVERISH URGE TO CAPTURE A SINGLE MOMENT ON CANVAS! THAT FEVER WAS ON DUMONT THEN!



GEORGE? STILL AT IT? WHY NOT LET IT WAIT? JOIN ME AT BREAKFAST! I STILL HAVE A FEW FRANCS! ENOUGH AT LEAST FOR COFFEE AND A BUN!

NO! I AM NOT HUNGRY! LEAVE ME ALONE!

WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, DUMONT HAD FINISHED! THERE WERE THOSE. AFTERWARD, WHO WERE TO CALL IT A MASTERPIECE... A MASTERPIECE OF HORROR!



IT... IT IS LIKE LOOKING THROUGH A WINDOW AT UGLY REALITY! DUMONT, YOU HAVE OUTDONE YOURSELF! YOUR PICTURES HAVE ALWAYS BEEN UNUSUAL... BUT THIS TOUCHES THE EDGE OF GREATNESS!

YOU WILL BUY IT, THEN? GOOD! IT HAS BEEN A DAY AND A HALF SINCE I LAST TASTED FOOD!

OUI! I WILL BUY IT! BUT YOU SOUND ALMOST INDIFFERENT! WHAT IS FOOD WHEN YOU CAN PAINT SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

INDIFFERENT? PERHAPS! BUT YOU KNOW THE FEELING! WHAT WAS IN ME IS NOW IN THAT SCRAP OF CANVAS! IT IS AS IF I PUT SOMETHING OF MYSELF INTO IT! I... I FEEL EMPTY, DRAINED!

BUT I BEGIN TO SOUND LIKE A PAINTER IN A CHEAP NOVEL, EH? SO TO BUSINESS! HOW MUCH, CORDET?

ONE THOUSAND FRANCS AND A PLACE OF HONOR IN MY SHOW WINDOW! THIS PICTURE WILL MAKE YOU FAMOUS, DUMONT! MARK MY WORD!



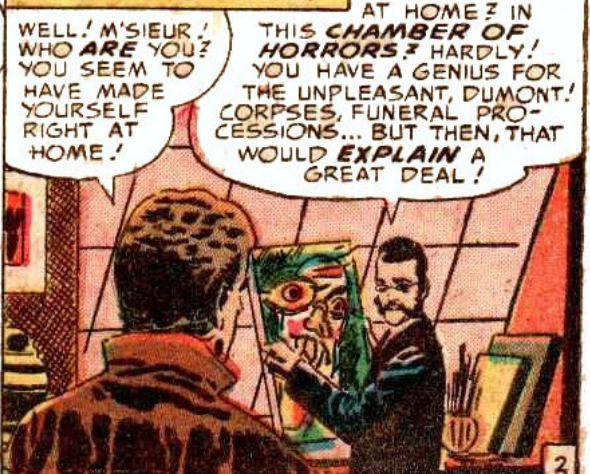
SOON, CORDET WAS TO BE PROVEN RIGHT! DUMONT WAS TO BE FAMOUS! BUT NOW, HE POCKETED HIS MONEY AND LEFT! THEN, IN THE TIME-HONORED MANNER OF THE LEFT BANK, HE CELEBRATED!



A THOUSAND FRANCS FOR ONE PICTURE! GEORGE, YOU HAVE ARRIVED! I DRINK TO YOUR SUCCESS!

LONG MAY IT CONTINUE, MAITRE! MORE CHAMPAGNE! MY FRIENDS ARE THIRSTY!

IT WAS A DUMONT PENNILESS ONCE AGAIN, BUT GLOWING, WHO RETURNED TO HIS GARRET... FOR ONCE HIS MOOD WAS MELLOW! FOR THE MOMENT, HIS SOMBRENESS HAD LEFT HIM! BUT IT WAS TO RETURN!



WELL! M'SIEUR! WHO ARE YOU? YOU SEEM TO HAVE MADE YOURSELF RIGHT AT HOME!

AT HOME? IN THIS CHAMBER OF HORRORS? HARDLY! YOU HAVE A GENIUS FOR THE UNPLEASANT, DUMONT! CORPSES, FUNERAL PROCESSIONS... BUT THEN, THAT WOULD EXPLAIN A GREAT DEAL!



I PAINT WHAT I SEE ALL ABOUT ME! MISERY! THAT IS THE **ONLY** REAL REALITY! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS! WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS HERE?

I AM ANTOINE LESEUR, INSPECTOR, PREFECTURE DE POLICE! AS TO MY BUSINESS - **YOU** ARE MY BUSINESS! TELL ME, DUMONT, HAVE YOU EVER SEEN **THIS** BEFORE?



WHY, OF COURSE! IT IS A SKETCH OF A PICTURE I ONLY RECENTLY FINISHED! POORLY DONE, BUT ACCURATE! BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE **COPY** IT?

FOR THE POORNESS OF THE SKETCH, I APOLOGIZE! BUT AS TO YOUR QUESTION, THIS IS **NOT** A COPY OF YOUR PICTURE, DUMONT! IT IS AN ON THE SPOT DRAWING MADE BY A POLICE TECHNICIAN!



A DRAWING RECONSTRUCTING A MURDER IN THE ALLEY DE SOL, ONLY A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE! **EXACTLY** AS IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED **THREE** NIGHTS AGO!

MURDER? **THREE** NIGHTS AGO? BUT THAT WAS WHEN I **DREAMED**, WHEN I BEGAN MY PICTURE! ARE YOU SAYING THAT THE MAN WHO DREW THIS NEVER SAW MY PAINTINGS?



BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD **ANYONE** KNOW? HOW COULD HE PLACE THE CORPSE JUST **THERE**? HOW COULD HE SET THE KILLER JUST SO? **UNLESS HE KNEW** HOW IT HAPPENED?

EXACTLY! A POLICEMAN CAN RECONSTRUCT A CRIME - BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW? IT WAS BY SHEER CHANCE THAT I SAW YOUR PICTURE! BUT WHEN I DID I KNEW THAT **ONLY THE MURDERER** COULD HAVE PAINTED IT!



GEORGE DUMONT, IN THE NAME OF FRANCE I **ARREST YOU** FOR THE MURDER OF **MADELON CANNEL!**

ARREST? BUT THIS IS LAUGHABLE! IT WAS A **DREAM!** IT - IT IS SOME FANTASTIC COINCIDENCE! INSPECTOR, I **DREAMED** THAT SCENE! I HAVE NEVER HEARD OF **MADELON CANNEL!**



NO? COME, COME, DUMONT! THE POLICE ARE NOT **CHILDREN!** YOU SAID IT YOURSELF! ONLY A MAN WHO WAS **THERE** COULD HAVE PAINTED YOUR PICTURE! A **DREAM**, IN THAT CASE, YOU CAN IDENTIFY THE KILLER. **NOW?**

NO! I NEVER SAW HIS FACE! IN ALL THE **DREAM** THAT WAS THE **ONE** THING I DID NOT SEE! THIS FATE WAS IN **SHADOW!**



OF COURSE! IT **WOULD BE!** POOR LITTLE **MADELON!** SHE MET MANY MEN IN THE SHOP WHERE SHE WAS EMPLOYED - BUT WE HAVE EXONERATED EVERY ONE! **EXCEPT YOU!** YOUR DEFENSE IS NOVEL, I MUST ADMIT! BUT I AM AFRAID IT WILL HELP YOU **LITTLE!** COME ALONG!

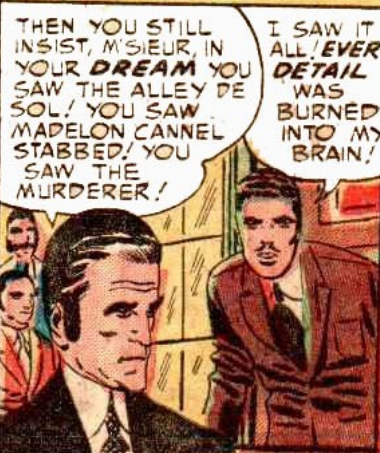
DAY AFTER DAY, WEEK AFTER WEEK, THE POLICE HAMMERED AT GEORGE DUMONT! THEY COULD FIND NO CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND MADELON CANNEL; NONE EXISTED! BUT HIS PICTURE DID! IT WAS EVIDENCE!



BUT I HAVE TOLD YOU! ON THE NIGHT WHEN MADELON CANNEL DIED, GEORGE DUMONT WAS AT HOME! I WAS WITH HIM!

AT FOUR O'CLOCK! BUT CAN YOU SWEAR AS TO DUMONT'S WHEREABOUTS BEFORE FOUR O'CLOCK THAT NIGHT? CAN YOU SWEAR THAT HE WAS NOT OUT COMMITTING THE MURDER HE AFTERWARD PUT ON THAT CANVAS?

BUT EMILE LESCAR COULD NOT SWEAR TO THAT! FROM THE BEGINNING, DUMONT WAS LICKED! IT WAS AN EASY MATTER FOR THE PROSECUTION TO CONFUSE HIM, TO TWIST HIS WORDS!



THEN YOU STILL INSIST, M'SIEUR, IN YOUR DREAM YOU SAW THE ALLEY DE SOL! YOU SAW MADELON CANNEL STABBED! YOU SAW THE MURDERER!

I SAW IT ALL! EVERY DETAIL WAS BURNED INTO MY BRAIN!

EVERY DETAIL EXCEPT ONE, THE MURDERER'S FACE! THAT, YOU VERY CONVENIENTLY DID NOT SEE! WHY, M'SIEUR DUMONT? WHY DID EVERY DETAIL BURN ITSELF INTO YOUR BRAIN EXCEPT THAT ONE?



I ONLY KNOW THAT I AM TELLING THE TRUTH! I DID NOT SEE HIS FACE! I DO NOT KNOW WHY!



BUT I DO! BECAUSE YOU WERE THAT MURDERER! BECAUSE YOU KILLED A GIRL AND THEN DECIDED TO PROFIT BY YOUR CRIME! YOU PAINTED THE SCENE EXACTLY AS YOU HAD LIVED IT!

NO! THAT IS NOT TRUE! I AM INNOCENT! INNOCENT! I DID NOT KILL MADELON CANNEL! I DID NOT

THAT TRIAL WAS A CAUSE CELEBRE! PARIS WAS HUNG ON EVERY WORD! BUT THE END WAS NEVER IN DOUBT! THE FRENCH ARE A PRACTICAL, HARDHEADED RACE! WHAT FRENCHMAN COULD BELIEVE DUMONT'S TALE!



YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY! THEREFORE, YOU SHALL BE TAKEN TO LAZAR PRISON AND FROM THENCE TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION! I COMMEND YOUR SOUL TO PEACE!

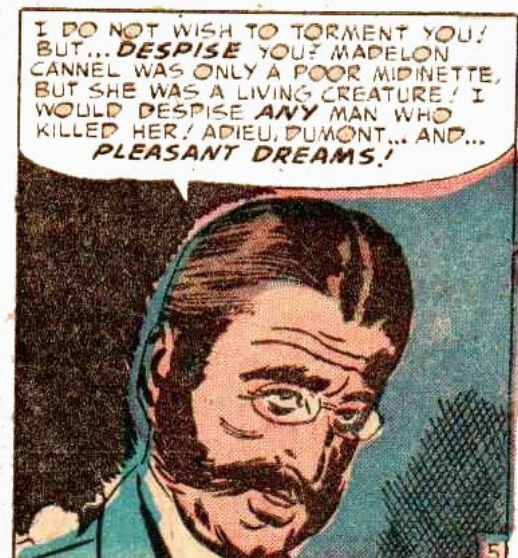


IT WAS INSPECTOR ANTOINE LESEUR WHO TRANS-PORTED DUMONT TO THE LAZAR, WHO LEFT HIM IN A BLEAK CELL HEWN FROM SOLID ROCK UNDER THAT ANCIENT FORBIDDING STRUCTURE!



YOU WILL NOT BE COMFORTABLE, DUMONT, BUT THEN YOUR STAY WILL NOT BE LONG... AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO AMUSE YOURSELF! SEE, THERE HAVE BEEN OTHERS BEFORE YOU! ALL ARTISTS!

Y-YOU MOCK ME! HAVE I NOT SUFFERED ENOUGH? WHY DO YOU WISH TO TORTURE ME? WHY DO YOU DESPISE ME SO?



I DO NOT WISH TO TORTURE YOU! BUT... DESPISE YOU! MADELON CANNEL WAS ONLY A POOR MIDINETTE, BUT SHE WAS A LIVING CREATURE! I WOULD DESPISE ANY MAN WHO KILLED HER! ADIEU, DUMONT... AND... PLEASANT DREAMS!



GEORGE DUMONT HAD FIVE WEEKS... BEFORE HE DIED, FIVE WEEKS IN WHICH INEVITABLE DOOM CREEPT EVER CLOSER / DOOM FOR A CRIME HE HAD NOT COMMITTED! A DOZEN TIMES HIS CONTROL SNAPPED!

LET ME OUT! I AM INNOCENT, I TELL YOU! INNOCENT! I AM GOING MAD! LET ME OUT!

DUMONT! AGAIN!

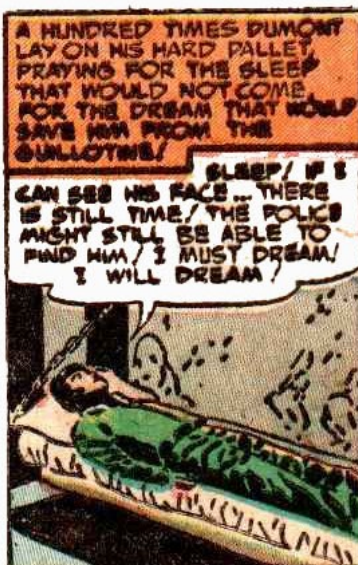


PLEASE! LISTEN TO ME! YOU **MUST** LISTEN TO ME! I DID NOT KILL MADELON CANNEL!

SO YOU HAVE TOLD US A HUNDRED TIMES! YOU SAY YOU DREAMED A MURDER! VERY WELL, NOW YOU HAVE ONLY TO DREAM THE MURDERER'S FACE AND YOU WILL SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN! BUT MEANWHILE... **BE STILL!**



DREAM! IF I ONLY COULD! IF I ONLY COULD BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



A HUNDRED TIMES DUMONT LAY ON HIS HARD PALLET, PRAYING FOR THE SLEEP THAT WOULD NOT COME FOR THE DREAM THAT WOULD SAVE HIM FROM THE GUILLOTINE!

SLEEP! IF I CAN SEE HIS FACE... THERE IS STILL TIME! THE POLICE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO FIND HIM! I MUST DREAM! I WILL DREAM!

GEORGE DUMONT SHUT OUT THE WORLD! HE WILLED HIMSELF TO SLEEP! HE EXHAUSTED HIMSELF... THEN, IT HAPPENED! SUDDENLY, HE WAS BACK IN AN ALLEY AND MOONLIGHT GLEAMED ON STEEL...



YOU SANN!

YOU! YES, I SANN! NOW YOU MUST KILL ME, TOO! YOU MUST! BUT TO KILL ME YOU MUST COME CLOSER! COME! I WANT YOU TO!



THEN I SHALL GRANT YOUR WISH!



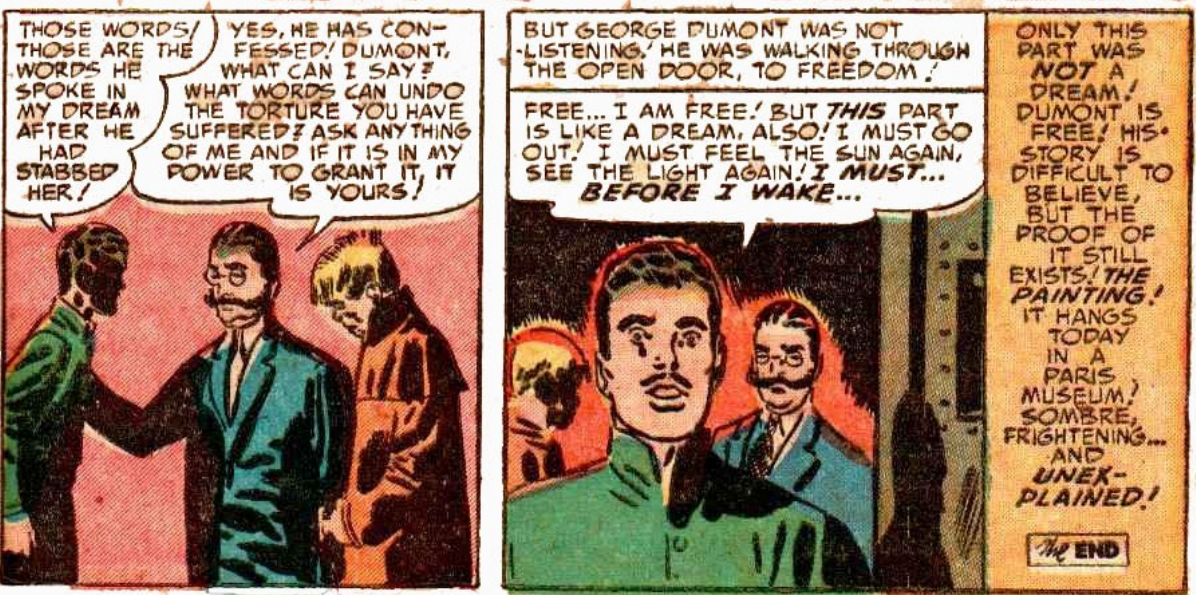
THE FACE WAS BESTIAL BUT THAT DID NOT MATTER! DREAMING, GEORGE DUMONT **KNEW** THAT HE DREAMED! HE SPOKE TO A PHANTOM... AND WAITED FOR THE PAIN OF THE KNIFE! BUT IT DID NOT COME! INSTEAD, HE **AWOKE!**

THE HEAD WAS ROUND, THICK! THE NOSTRILS WERE BROAD, THE EYES DEEPEST. SMALL...



GUARD! GUARD!

SACRE! IT IS THE MADMAN AGAIN! I HAD BEST SEE WHAT IS TROUBLING HIM THIS TIME!



Everybody knows the effects of the moon on people--The moon can influence romance--and any one of a hundred things. But let's make it personal. What about--

The MOON AND YOU!



IF YOU HAVE A BIRTH-DAY BETWEEN OCTOBER 24 AND NOVEMBER 22 YOU WERE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF SCORPIO

LET'S SUPPOSE YOUR ZODIACAL SIGN IS SCORPIO... THEN, ACCORDING TO ASTROLOGY, YOU ARE SELF-WILLED, TYRANNICAL -- BUT CLEVER, SUCCESSFUL! THEN LET'S SUPPOSE THE MOON WAS IN CONJUNCTION WITH SCORPIO WHEN YOU WERE BORN -- AS IT WAS WHEN RALPH FRAME WAS BORN!

RALPH, WE'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! IT'S FOOLISH TO BUY OUT THE ACME PLANT NOW! THE PLACE IS WORTHLESS!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY IT! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE WHEN WE GET IT RUNNING EFFICIENTLY!



JUST LIKE THAT, RALPH, I'VE ALWAYS DEFERRED TO YOUR JUDGEMENT BUT THIS TIME -- NO!

WE'LL DO THINGS MY WAY OR NOT AT ALL! I WON'T ARGUE, DOUG. MY MIND IS MADE UP!



YOU'RE MY PARTNER, DOUG -- A RICH MAN, THANKS TO ME! I'M WILLING TO DRIVE AHEAD TO DO THINGS BIG! I'M NOT STOPPING NOW!

YOU DO EVERYTHING TOO BIG! YOU WORK LIKE A DRAUGHT HORSE... YOU WORK TOO HARD, PLAY TOO HARD AND EAT TOO MUCH!





BUT I DON'T! I WANT TO RELAX AND ENJOY WHAT I *HAVE*. IF WE BUY ACME IT WILL MEAN A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF WORK AND PROBABLE FAILURE! RALPH, LISTEN TO ME!

I DON'T LISTEN TO ANYONE! WE BUY ACME! NOW THAT YOU'VE MENTIONED *FOOD*, I'M GOING TO LUNCH!



LAUGH? RALPH FRAME WOULD HAVE ROARED AT THE IDEA THAT HE OVERINDULGED IN ALL THINGS BECAUSE *THE MOON* HAD BEEN IN CONJUNCTION WITH *SCORPIO* AT HIS BIRTH! HE'D HAVE SAID THAT HE BURNED ENERGY, AND FOOD WAS FUEL...



RALPH, PLEASE ...IT'S LATE! THIS IS THE FOURTH NIGHT CLUB THIS EVENING!

SO WHAT! COME ON, ANNE, DON'T BE A WET BLANKET! THE NIGHT IS YOUNG!



THERE WAS ANNE, HELEN, RUTH, LOIS... THERE WERE HUGE MEALS AND CRAZY HOURS, TOO MUCH, TOO OFTEN! SO THAT IN THE END IT HAPPENED!

VERY WELL, MR. FRAME! SIGN THIS CONTRACT AND ACME MILLS WILL BE YOURS!

SURE... AND DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED! DOUG! I'M *NEVER* WRONG! YOU KNOW THAT!



THERE... THAT DOES IT! NOW... NOW...

RALPH! WHAT'S WRONG?



I... I DON'T KNOW... MY... MY HEAD!



MAN IS NOT A MACHINE, ALTHOUGH SCORPIO'S CHILDREN OFTEN THINK THEY ARE! THAT AFTERNOON, RALPH FRAME WAS TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL... THERE TO REMAIN FOR TEN LONG WEEKS!

A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! ME! DOUG, I... I'VE BEEN A FOOL! I DROVE MYSELF TOO HARD!

YOU DROVE US BOTH TOO HARD, RALPH! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO PAY FOR IT!



For those of you who believe in astrology, Here is an analysis for you! For those who do not believe--You'll find our thumbnail story amusing. Either way-- *There's*

ROMANCE IN THE STARS



IF YOU HAVE A BIRTHDAY BETWEEN NOVEMBER 23 AND DECEMBER 21 YOU WERE BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS!

**SPECIAL
HOROSCOPE
FEATURETTE**

SO YOU'RE A SAGITTARIAN! THEN THE CHANCES ARE THAT YOU'RE ATHLETIC, ENERGETIC, ATTRACTIVE-- YOU LOVE LIFE AND YOU'RE FRANK AND OUTSPOKEN! THAT IS YOUR BIG PROBLEM! JUST AS IT WAS BETTY STEVENSON'S!

BETTY, CAN'T I BE WITH YOU TOMORROW? PLEASE! I HARDLY GET TO SEE YOU AT ALL THESE DAYS. WON'T YOU STOP GADDING ABOUT JUST FOR ONE DAY? FOR ME?

FRANK! THAT'S NOT FAIR! YOU KNOW HOW MY TIME IS OCCUPIED!

YES I KNOW! AND ALWAYS WITH THINGS I DON'T ENJOY DOING! TENNIS, GOLF, CLUB MEETINGS, DANCES! DON'T YOU CARE HOW I FEEL?

YOU KNOW I DO, FRANK! DON'T BE ANGRY! I LIKE A QUIET, PEACEFUL DATE AS WELL AS YOU-- BUT NOT ALWAYS!







BUT FRANK DID NOT CALL! FRANK WAS A **PISCES**... HE HAD BEEN BORN UNDER THE SIGN OF PISCES, THE FISHES! AND THE PISCES IS PROUD, STUBBORN! IF THERE WAS TO BE A RECONCILIATION IT WAS UP TO BETTY!



ALL OF US HAVE DREAMS. THEY ARE A WORLD WE EXPLORE
BUT SELDOM UNDERSTAND. WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW
THEIR MEANING? THE EDITORS INVITE YOU TO-

SEND US YOUR DREAMS

For dramatization and analysis by *Richard Temple*



SO MANY READERS HAVE WRITTEN TO ME CONCERNING *THIS* DREAM THAT IT WOULD HARDLY BE FAIR TO ANALYZE IT FOR ANY *ONE* PERSON... IS THIS PICTURE FAMILIAR TO YOU?



YOU STAND IN A PEACEFUL FOREST. THE SUN'S RAYS SLANT DOWN LIKE BARS OF GOLD AND YOU CAN ALMOST TOUCH THE CLOUDS... YOU ARE *HAPPY* IN THIS LOVELY SPOT. CONTENTED... YOU WALK, DRINKING IT ALL IN...



THIS IS *EDEN*! IT MUST BE! YOU GO WHEREVER YOUR FANCY LEADS YOU-- DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO AN ENCHANTED WORLD! YOU ARE CONTENT MERELY TO WANDER, UNTIL...



MONEY!

WHY--IT'S A TEN DOLLAR BILL! AND THERE ARE *OTHERS!* LOTS OF THEM!



THERE'S NO END TO IT! NO MATTER HOW MANY I PICK UP THERE ARE *MORE!* HUNDREDS! THOUSANDS! I'M RICH! RICH!



YOU FILL YOUR POCKETS, FORGETTING THE FLOWERS, THE BIRDS, HOURS PASS, BUT AT LAST THERE ARE NO MORE OF THE CRINKLING GREEN-BACKS!

BUT THIS... *ISN'T* THE BEAUTIFUL FOREST! I... I'M LOST... AND IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN!



IN A MOMENT THE AIR IS HIDEOUS WITH THE DIN OF THUNDER! *RAIN!* THE TREES ARE NO LONGER BEAUTIFUL! THEY ARE SOMEHOW EVIL, GRASPING!



IF I CAN ONLY FIND MY WAY TO A PLACE OF SHELTER! WITH ALL THIS MONEY, I COULD HAVE *EVERYTHING!*



A HOUSE! I'LL BE SAFE THERE! I'LL BE ABLE TO COUNT IT!



THE HOUSE IS UNOCCUPIED! YOU GO IN, EMPTY YOUR POCKETS OF THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO! YOU PULL OUT FISTS FULL OF TEN DOLLAR BILLS! BUT AS YOU PLACE THEM ON THE TABLE, THEY *CHANGE!*

SAND! ONLY SAND! IT CAN'T ALL BE SAND! IT CAN'T!



BUT... IT *IS!* AND HERE IS THE MOST UNIVERSAL OF ALL MAN'S TROUBLES... THE ENDLESS SEARCH FOR SECURITY! ALL OF US SECRETLY WISH WE COULD FIND SOME ENCHANTED SPOT WHERE *MONEY* IS TO BE HAD FOR THE TAKING!



BUT WE KNOW, TOO, THAT SUCH A DREAM IS *JUST...* A DREAM! THUS, IN OUR DREAMS, WE *FIND* SECURITY... AND *LOSS* IT AGAIN! SO DREAM IF YOU MUST! BUT REMEMBER THIS: THERE IS A PATH TO WEALTH AND SUCCESS, IT IS A LONG PATH! PAVED WITH *HARD WORK... NOT DREAMS!*



The advice which Mr. Temple offers in this story is intended only for the person involved and applies to

that individual's situation--a similar dream could have a completely different interpretation for someone else.

TRUE THE STRANGE WORLD OF
YOUR DREAMS AUGUST 10¢
 PRIZE GROUP

What do they mean--
 the messages received
 in sleep?

"I dreamed I had died, and an old man
 with the face of a prophet was taking
 me across The River Styx!"

WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS! (See details
 inside.)

TRUE THE STRANGE WORLD OF
YOUR DREAMS SEPT.-OCT. 10¢
 PRIZE GROUP

Why did I dream
 that I was being
 married to a man
 without a face?

What do they mean
 the messages received
 in sleep?

WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS! (See details
 inside.)

TRUE THE STRANGE WORLD OF
YOUR DREAMS Nov.-Dec. 10¢
 PRIZE GROUP

The MESSAGES received in sleep--
 What do they mean?

WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS!
 (See details
 inside.)

TRUE THE STRANGE WORLD OF
YOUR DREAMS JAN.-FEB. 10¢
 PRIZE GROUP

THE STORY OF A
 MAN WHO DREAMED
 A MURDER THAT
 REALLY HAPPENED!

What do they mean--
 the messages received
 in sleep?

COME CLOSER--
 CLOSER-- I
 KNOW YOU WILL
 KILL ME AS
 YOU DID HER--
 BUT I MUST
 SEE YOUR FACE--
 BEFORE I DIE,
 I MUST SEE THE
 FACE OF MY
 MURDERER!

WE WILL BUY YOUR DREAMS! (See details
 inside.)

People will be affected by dreams in many ways..Some will act on them and make important decisions. Others will see them as mystic symbols and gamble on their meaning! This is the strange story of one such man--a desperate man--who gambled a human life on a pleading voice in his sleep--a tormented man, who said...

I TALKED WITH MY DEAD WIFE!



IN ONE OF THE BOOKS IN MY TOWER ROOM THERE IS TOLD THE STORY CHINESE EMPEROR WHO WENT INSANE BECAUSE HE ONCE DREAMED HE WAS A BUTTERFLY AND THAT THEN HE COULDN'T DECIDE WHETHER A BUTTERFLY DREAMING HE WAS THE EMPEROR OF CHINA OR THE EMPEROR OF CHINA DREAMING HE WAS A BUTTERFLY... I HAVE MY OWN DREAM OWN TANGLED SKIN OF REALITY AND UNREALITY, FOR I DWELL IN...

The DREAMING TOWER



MY NAME IS JOHN SUMPTER... NOTHING ABOUT ME IS IMPORTANT OR OF ANY INTEREST, EXCEPT THAT YEARS I HAVE PATED IN A DREAM, SO REAL, THAT ABSOLUTE OF IT THAT ACCURATE

A DREAM S...

ONCE AGAIN, I'VE WALKED THROUGH THE COOL DARK FOREST AND STOPPED AT THE RIM OF THIS BLACK PIT! I'M AFRAID TO GO CLOSER... AFRAID... AFRAID...



PHILIP HANNA FIRST SAW THAT RAIN BLEAK LAND... TO REPORT TO THE ARMY FOR INDUCTION! HE WAS STEPPED OUT ON HIS PLEASANT BOSTON HOME--AND INTO THE WARREN, KY ARMS OF HORROR!



WHAT A STRANGE PLACE! IT LOOKS COLD AND DANGEROUS-- I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL...

You sent us this Dream

FOR ANALYSIS by Richard Temple

A STUDENT AT ONE OF OUR UNIVERSITIES, PATRICIA S. HAS ASKED ME TO ANALYZE HER DREAM. MISS S. IS A SENIOR AND FROM WHAT SHE HAS TOLD ME IN HER LETTER, QUITE ATTRACTIVE. IN FACT SHE MADE THAT POINT VERY POSITIVE AS A RESULT, ANALYSIS OF HER DREAM BECOMES ALMOST ACADEMIC...



ACTUALLY WRITES MISS S. MY DREAM IS SIMPLY RIDICULOUS-- AND CERTAINLY I AM NOT A RIDICULOUS PERSON.



DON'T WAKE THE SLEEPER!

Or you'll vanish forever!



IT WAS A REAL BIG BUMP THAT GOT SAM! THE TRUCK LEAPED OFF THE GROUND AT A GLANCY ANGLE AND CAME DOWN HARD! WHEN IT CLATTERED ON ITS WAY--SAM WAS NOT IN IT!

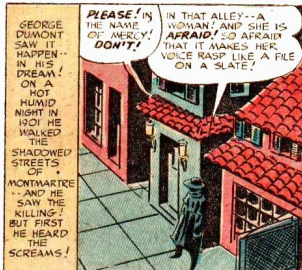
SAM WINSLOW WAS ON THE BUS, THINGS A HAD TAKEN A TURN FOR THE WORSE WITH HIM IN THE FAST. HE WAS HEADING AHEAD CALIFORNIA, HE'D MANAGED THE STEAL OVER THE STATE OF A



George Dumont entered the shadow world of dreams-- and saw a horror! Then he had to return to that world to save his own life! He had to relive his dream to face a killer and beg him:

SHOW YOUR FACE!

Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor

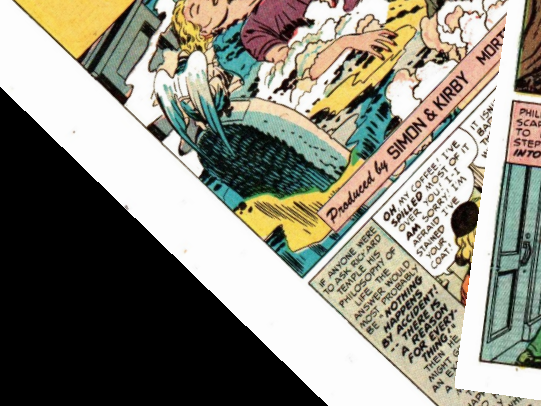


PLEASE! IN THE NAME OF MERCY! DON'T!

HE HEARD! AND BECAUSE HE WAS AN ARTIST AND A MAN OF ACQUISITION HE SAVED THE NOTE OF FEAR THAT HUNG ON THE BLIND NIGHT-- UNTIL THAT NOTE CHANGED TO A SHRIEK OF AGONY!

NO-000!

The GIRL IN THE GRAVE!



Produced by SIMON & KIRBY MORTON MESKIN Associate Editor